No. 46–DEC. 2, 1967

EVERY THURSDAY
PRICE 6d

Mandy

TEACHER SAYS I'LL BE MODELLING AT THE DRESSMAKING CLASS DISPLAY— SO I MUST PRACTISE WALKING GRACEFULLY.
HOPE MUM DOESN'T MIND ME BORROWING HER MAKE-UP, BUT I MUST SLAP ON THE GLAMOUR IF I'M TO BE A MODEL.

Continued on back page.

STARTS TODAY—The story of a dangerous journey—and a young orphan's bravery.

THE COURAGE OF LITTLE PEARL

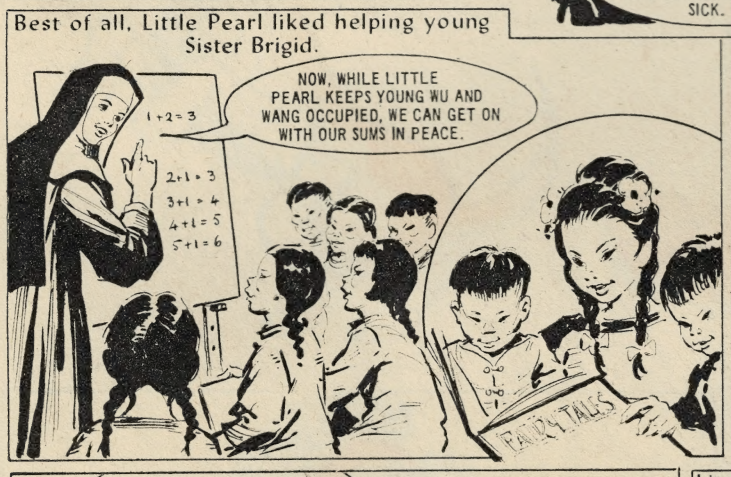
IN the mountain village of Yanchow, in Northern China, a group of four nuns cared for the needs of the village people and taught their children. With them lived Little Pearl, an orphan whom the nuns had cared for since she was a baby. Little Pearl was devoted to the nuns and tried to help them as much as she could.

Out in the garden—

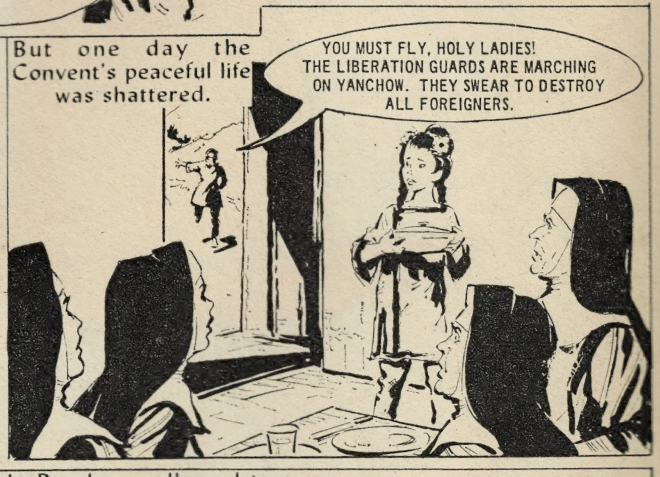
YOU HAVE WORKED WELL, LITTLE PEARL. REST NOW.
NOT WHILE YOU CARRY ON, SISTER MARIE. I KNOW YOU MUST WORK LATE, MAKING THESE HERBS INTO MEDICINES FOR THE SICK.

OH, LITTLE PEARL, YOU HAVE CLEANED ALL MY BRUSHES! NOW THERE WILL BE NO RISK OF MY GIVING SAINT ANTHONY A BLUE HALO WITHOUT THINKING. BUT YOU SPOIL ME.
NO, SISTER CLARE. YOUR PICTURES BRING JOY TO PEOPLE WHO HAVE SO LITTLE TO CHEER THEM. MY HELP IS OF A VERY ORDINARY KIND.

Best of all, Little Pearl liked helping young Sister Brigid.



But one day the Convent's peaceful life was shattered.



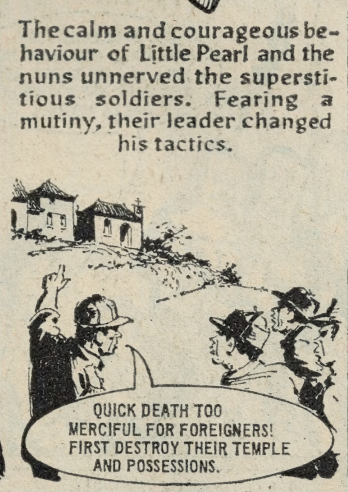
BE CALM, MY CHILDREN. WE ARE AS MUCH IN GOD'S HANDS HERE AS ANYWHERE. BUT IF LITTLE PEARL WISHES, SHE MAY RETURN TO THE VILLAGE.
OH, PLEASE LET ME STAY WITH YOU!

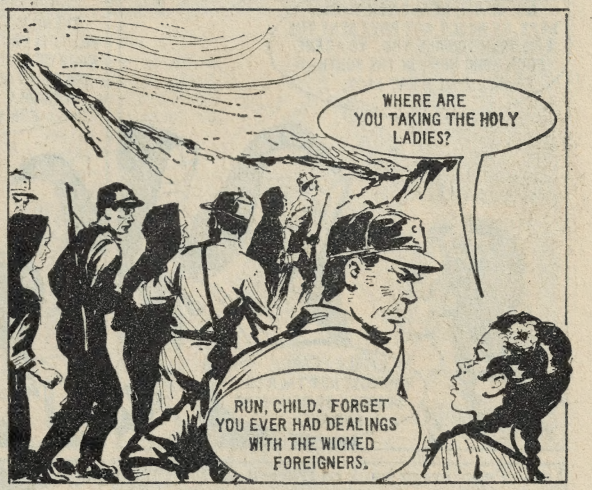
Little Pearl was allowed to stay. Later, she was ringing the bell for prayers when the Liberation Guards arrived.

IT IS OUR DUTY TO DESTROY YOU. WE DO NOT WANT FOREIGNERS IN OUR LAND.
POOR FOOLISH MEN! WE ARE HERE TO HELP YOU. WE ARE DOING NO HARM.

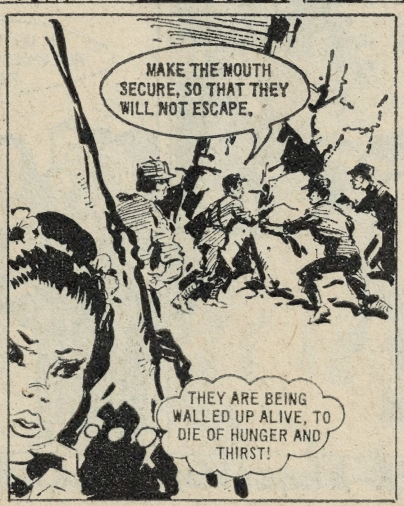
A dreadful fate for the four nuns.

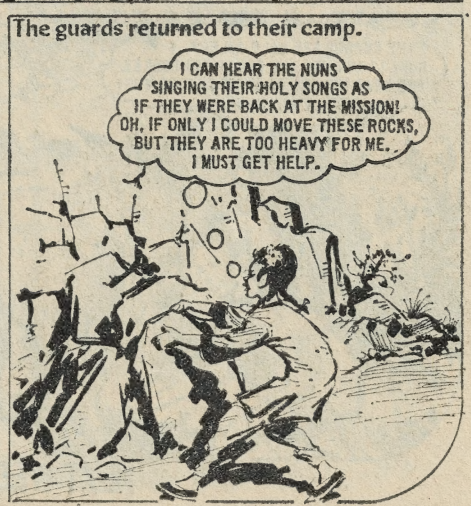
DEATH HOLDS NO TERRORS FOR WE CHRISTIANS. YOU CAN KILL ONLY OUR BODIES—OUR SOULS WILL LIVE IN HEAVEN. BUT SPARE THIS GIRL, WHO IS ONE OF YOUR OWN PEOPLE.


The calm and courageous behaviour of Little Pearl and the nuns unnerved the superstitious soldiers. Fearing a mutiny, their leader changed his tactics.
QUICK DEATH TOO MERCIFUL FOR FOREIGNERS! FIRST DESTROY THEIR TEMPLE AND POSSESSIONS.



But Little Pearl followed the soldiers as they took the nuns up into the mountains.
THEY ARE PUTTING THEM IN THE CAVE OF THE DRY SPRING. WHAT DO THEY MEAN TO DO WITH THEM?




The guards returned to their camp.
I CAN HEAR THE NUNS SINGING THEIR HOLY SONGS AS IF THEY WERE BACK AT THE MISSION! OH, IF ONLY I COULD MOVE THESE ROCKS, BUT THEY ARE TOO HEAVY FOR ME. I MUST GET HELP.

The tune that saved four nuns.

That night, Little Pearl crept down to the village.

IF THE GUARDS FIND US HELPING THE HOLY LADIES, THEY WOULD SET FIRE TO OUR VILLAGE AND LEAVE US NOTHING. WE MUST WAIT UNTIL THEY HAVE GONE ON.

THAT MAY BE TOO LATE.

THE CHILDREN—THEY COULD CREEP AWAY WITHOUT BEING MISSED BY THE GUARDS.

Little Pearl took her bamboo pipe from her tunic.

THEY KNOW THIS CALL WELL FROM THE GAMES I HAVE PLAYED WITH THEM. THEY WILL FOLLOW ME.

Little Pearl was right! The children made quick work of moving the rocks.

OUR PRAYERS HAVE BEEN ANSWERED. LOOK WHOM THE HOLY MOTHER HAS SENT TO AID US—MY LITTLE ONES!

YOU HAVE DONE YOUR WORK WELL. NOW HURRY HOME BEFORE YOU ARE MISSED, AND REMEMBER, SAY NOTHING OF THIS TO ANYONE.

WE CAN'T STAY HERE. THE GUARDS MAY COME BACK.

BRAVE CHILD, YOU ACTED FOR THE BEST. BUT IT IS OUR LOT TO DIE HERE FOR OUR FAITH.

NO! IF GOD MEANT YOU TO DIE HERE, HE WOULD NOT HAVE SENT THE CHILDREN TO SAVE YOU. YOU CAME FROM HONG KONG IN THE SOUTH—WE WILL FIND A WAY BACK.

LITTLE PEARL, YOU MUST NOT TALK SO SHARPLY TO REVEREND MOTHER.

THE CHILD SPEAKS THE TRUTH. THERE IS STILL WORK TO DO FOR CHINA. BUT IT IS MANY HUNDRED MILES TO HONG KONG, MUCH OF IT ON FOOT AND BESET WITH DANGERS WHERE AN OLD WOMAN WOULD BE A HINDRANCE. YOU WILL GO—I WILL STAY HERE AND PRAY FOR YOU, AS LONG AS I CAN.

OH, NO! REVEREND MOTHER, WE CANNOT LEAVE YOU BEHIND!

REVEREND MOTHER MUST RIDE. PUT BACK THE STONES SO THAT IF THE GUARDS RETURN, THEY WILL THINK YOU ARE STILL INSIDE. MEANWHILE, I WILL FETCH A MOUNT.

DO AS SHE REQUESTS, LITTLE PEARL'S COURAGE HAS RENEWED MY STRENGTH.

Little Pearl crept back to the outskirts of the village.

THE GUARDS ARE HALF ASLEEP. I HOPE I CAN UNDO THE DONKEY'S HOBBLES, AND LEAD HIM OUT OF SIGHT BEFORE THEY NOTICE ANYTHING.

Little Pearl got the donkey away without raising any alarm.

OH, LITTLE PEARL! YOU ARE NO LONGER OUR CHILD, BUT OUR PROTECTOR.

THE SISTERS WERE GOOD TO ME—NOW I WILL REPAY THEIR KINDNESS. I WILL GET THEM TO HONG KONG!

NEXT WEEK—A leopard brings bad luck to the travellers.

The Computer Wore Pigtails

YOUNG Sally Gleade was given the job of "sister" to Transy, the first computer to look and act like a twelve-year-old schoolgirl. This was part of an experiment being conducted by I.T.M.—Imperial Transistor Machines—a firm specialising in the development of computers in human form. Sally had to feed Transy with special plastic programmes to enable her to take part in the various activities at Leewood School.

One day, at school lunch—

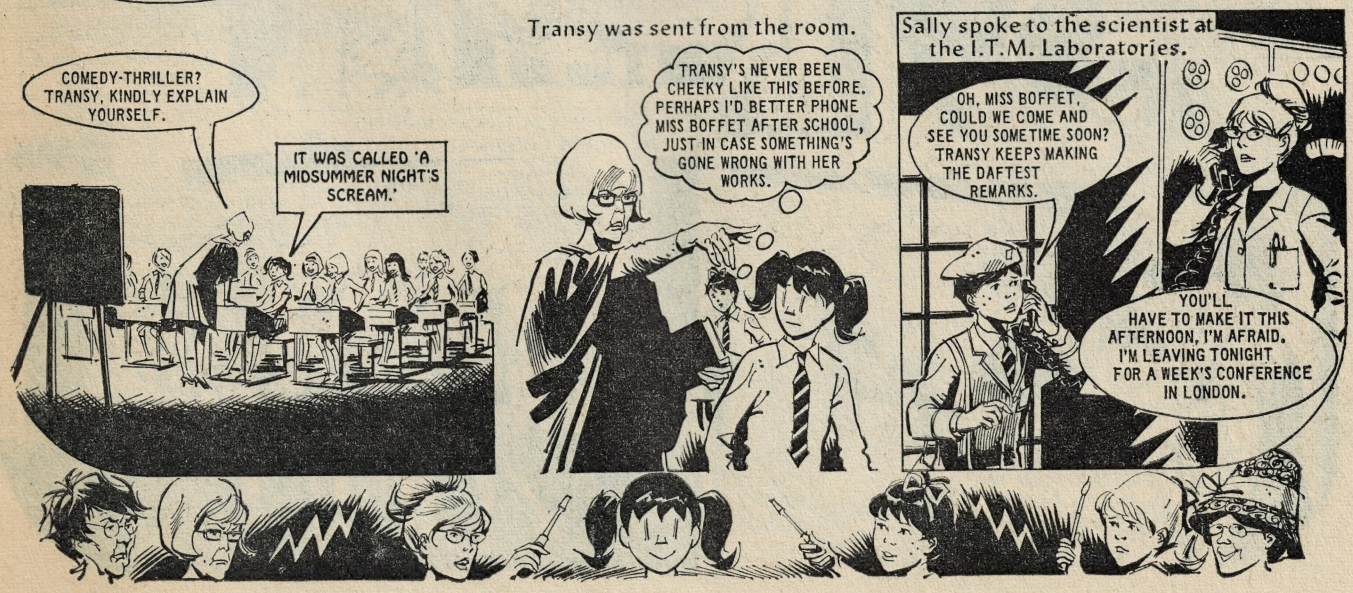
COME ON, TRANSY! YOU MUST EAT UP YOUR GEOGRAPHY PROGRAMME, OTHERWISE YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO WORK PROPERLY.
TRANSY DOESN'T FEEL LIKE WORK THIS AFTERNOON. .
O.T. OIL

Transy was normally a model pupil, but that afternoon—
TODAY WE'RE GOING TO CONSIDER FRUITS OF THE WORLD. NOW WHO CAN TELL ME WHERE PINEAPPLES COME FROM?
FROM PINE TREES, OF COURSE!

THAT WAS A VERY STUPID ANSWER, TRANSY. IN FUTURE, UNLESS YOU CAN SAY SOMETHING SENSIBLE, PLEASE REMAIN QUIET.
CRUMBS! IT'S NOT LIKE TRANSY TO MAKE SILLY REMARKS LIKE THAT!

Later—
NEXT LESSON'S ENGLISH WITH MISS DRAKE TRANSY. AND FOR GOODNESS SAKE DON'T KEEP TRYING TO BE FUNNY.
TRANSY WILL FRY-ER-TRY HER BEST TO BE GOOD.

The English lesson began.
BEFORE WE BEGIN TO READ THE PLAY, WOULD SOMEONE LIKE TO TELL THE CLASS A LITTLE ABOUT THE WRITER, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE?
TRANSY WOULD. HE WROTE THE FIRST COMEDY-THRILLER!


COMEDY-THRILLER? TRANSY, KINDLY EXPLAIN YOURSELF.
IT WAS CALLED 'A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S SCREAM.'
Transy was sent from the room.
TRANSY'S NEVER BEEN CHEEKY LIKE THIS BEFORE. PERHAPS I'D BETTER PHONE MISS BOFFET AFTER SCHOOL, JUST IN CASE SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG WITH HER WORKS.
Sally spoke to the scientist at the I.T.M. Laboratories.
OH, MISS BOFFET, COULD WE COME AND SEE YOU SOMETIME SOON? TRANSY KEEPS MAKING THE DAFTEST REMARKS.
YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE IT THIS AFTERNOON, I'M AFRAID. I'M LEAVING TONIGHT FOR A WEEK'S CONFERENCE IN LONDON.

Transy is too truthful.

In the lab, Miss Boffet gave Transy a thorough examination.

AH! JUST AS I THOUGHT. TRANSY'S TRUTH FILTER CIRCUIT HAS WEAKENED. IT WON'T TAKE ME LONG TO FIX IT.

JUST TO ENSURE THAT, IN FUTURE, TRANSY TELLS THE EXACT TRUTH, I'M SCREWING UP THIS UNIT EXTRA HARD. I WANT YOU TO OBSERVE TRANSY'S SPEECH CAREFULLY, SALLY, AND IF THERE'S ANY MORE TROUBLE, BRING HER BACK NEXT WEEK.

OK, MISS BOFFET.

When they reached home, the girls noticed a large car parked outside.

GOLLY! THAT'S AUNT MATTIE'S CAR. SHE MUST HAVE CALLED FOR TEA. SHE'S A BIT ECCENTRIC, TRANSY, BUT YOU'LL LOVE HER ONCE YOU GET TO KNOW HER.

AH, THERE YOU ARE, GIRLS. AUNT MATTIE'S PAID US A VISIT, ESPECIALLY TO MEET TRANSY.

HELLO, AUNT MATTIE.

SO YOU'RE TRANSY. HOW DO YOU DO?

HOW DO YOU DO WHAT?

But Aunt Mattie was not put out.

HOW DO YOU DO WHAT? HO-HO! I MUST REMEMBER THAT ONE. ASK A SILLY QUESTION AND YOU GET A SILLY ANSWER, EH, TRANSY?

B-BUT TRANSY DIDN'T MEAN TO GIVE A SILLY ANSWER! SHE WAS TRYING TO GET AT THE TRUTH.

As Aunt Mattie was leaving—

BEFORE I GO, I SIMPLY MUST SHOW YOU MY NEW HAT. I BOUGHT IT THIS AFTERNOON.

WHAT A GHASTLY HAT, BUT I'D BETTER SAY SOMETHING TACTFUL SO AS NOT TO UPSET HER.

ER—IT'S LOVELY!

TRANSY FEARS THE HAT MAKES AUNT MATTIE LOOK MUCH TOO LIKE A STANDARD LAMP!

Aunt Mattie was highly offended.

I CERTAINLY SHAN'T COME HERE AGAIN—TO BE INSULTED!

WHAT TRANSY SAID WAS ONLY TOO TRUE, BUT . . . OH, DEAR, I WISH MISS BOFFET WASN'T GOING AWAY!

Next morning at school, matters didn't improve.

I HAD MY HAIR CUT, YESTERDAY. DO YOU THINK IT SUITS ME?

NO! A VERY SHORT HAIR-STYLE SHOULD NEVER BE WORN BY GIRLS WITH OVER-PLUMP FACES!

Sally the engineer.

And later—.
HELLO, YOU TWO. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY PAINTING?
TRANSY'S FRANK OPINION IS THAT IT'S HOPELESSLY OUT OF PERSPECTIVE!
TRANSY! YOU MUST STOP SAYING THESE THINGS! SOON, WE SHAN'T HAVE ANY FRIENDS LEFT!
BUT, SALLY, TRANSY WAS MERELY BEING HONEST. WHY DOES EVERYONE GET SO CROSS WHENEVER TRANSY SPEAKS THE TRUTH?
THE TRUTH? GOSH, I THINK I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND. MISS BOFFET SCREWED UP TRANSY'S NEW FILTER CIRCUIT EXTRA HARD, TO MAKE SURE SHE ALWAYS TOLD THE EXACT TRUTH. AS A RESULT, TRANSY HAS BECOME TOO TRUTHFUL.
When they got home from school, Sally borrowed her father's screwdriver.
TRANSY HOPES SALLY KNOWS WHAT SHE'S DOING!
DON'T WORRY, TRANSY. I WAS WATCHING MISS BOFFET CAREFULLY YESTERDAY. NOW I'M JUST GOING TO LOOSEN THIS SCREW A TINY FRACTION.
THERE YOU ARE, TRANSY. LET'S HOPE THAT WILL SOLVE THE PROBLEM. HEY! THERE'S SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.
It was Aunt Mattie.
OH-ER-AUNT MATTIE! MUM'S OUT, I'M AFRAID, BUT DO COME IN!
NEVER MIND ABOUT YOUR MOTHER! IT'S TRANSY I CAME TO SEE!
WHEN I GOT HOME YESTERDAY I LOOKED AT MYSELF IN THE MIRROR. TRANSY WAS RIGHT! THE HAT LOOKED EXACTLY LIKE A LAMPSHADE! I DON'T KNOW HOW I COULD HAVE BEEN FOOLISH ENOUGH TO BUY IT.
B-BUT
I TOOK THE HAT STRAIGHT BACK TO THE SHOP AND EXCHANGED IT FOR THE ONE I'M WEARING NOW. MUCH MORE SENSIBLE! AND I'VE BOUGHT YOU THIS PRETTY SUN BONNET, TRANSY, AS A REWARD FOR BEING HONEST. YOU SAVED ME FROM BEING THE LAUGHING-STOCK OF THE TOWN.
OH, NO! WHAT A GHASTLY-LOOKING THING!
OH, THANK YOU, AUNT MATTIE! IT'S ABOLUTELY OUT OF THIS WORLD!
Chapeaux
OUT OF THIS WORLD—THAT'S THE SAME AS SAYING 'LIKE NOTHING ON EARTH!' BUT AT LEAST IT MEANS I DID THE RIGHT THING WITH THE SCREWDRIVER. AT LAST TRANSY'S TELLING THE TRUTH—TACTFULLY!

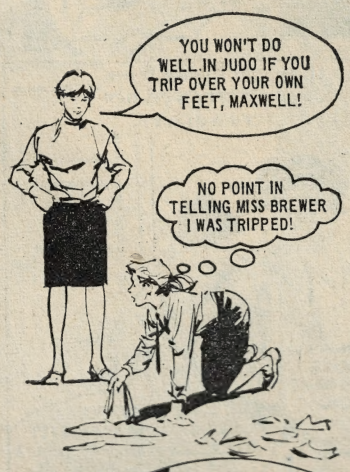
NEXT WEEK—A pony ride poses problems for Transy.

Three toughs mean trouble for Terry.

THE TESTS OF TERRY

YOUNG Terry Maxwell, convicted for a theft she hadn't committed, had been sent to an approved school near Blacktoun. Now, two toughs, Dusty Merton and Teddie Barnes from Blacktoun, had been sent to the school, where they teamed up with Jill Plummer, a girl who had made life tough for Terry. Terry's ambition was to win a Duke of Edinburgh Award, in spite of being at the approved school.

Dusty stuck her foot out and—

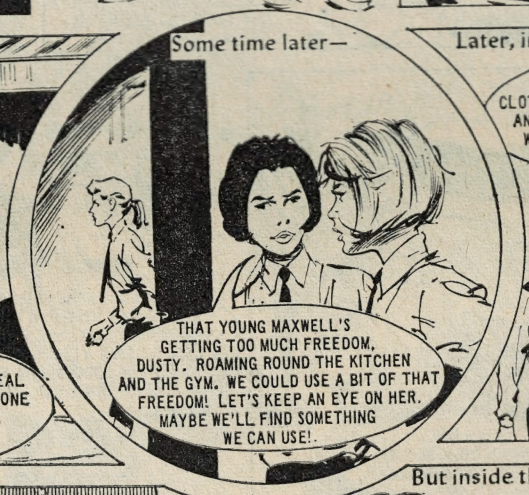


IF YOU'RE STILL KEEN ON DOING JUDO AS YOUR INTEREST FOR THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD, COME TO THE GYM AT LEISURE HOUR, MAXWELL.
THANKS, MISS BREWER. I'LL BE THERE.

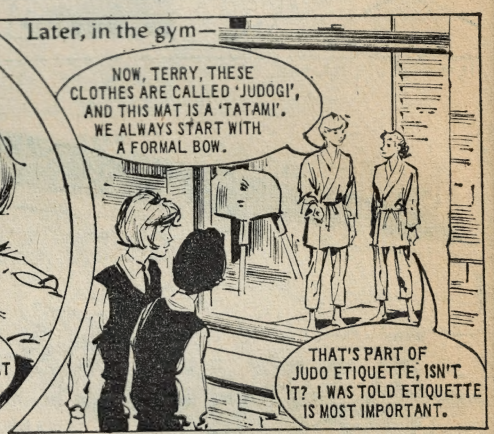
Terry loved to help the cook, Mrs Galt.

I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU WANT TO DO JUDO FOR YOUR INTEREST, TERRY. WHY NOT DO COOKERY?
I LIKE COOKING, MRS GALT, BUT I WANTED A REAL CHALLENGE. I'VE NEVER DONE ANY JUDO, BUT I'VE BEEN COOKING SINCE I WAS TEN!

Some time later—


THAT YOUNG MAXWELL'S GETTING TOO MUCH FREEDOM, DUSTY. ROAMING ROUND THE KITCHEN AND THE GYM. WE COULD USE A BIT OF THAT FREEDOM! LET'S KEEP AN EYE ON HER. MAYBE WE'LL FIND SOMETHING WE CAN USE!

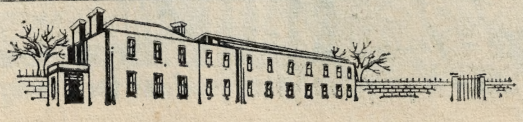
Later, in the gym—


NOW, TERRY, THESE CLOTHES ARE CALLED 'JUDOGI', AND THIS MAT IS A 'TATAMI'. WE ALWAYS START WITH A FORMAL BOW.
THAT'S PART OF JUDO ETIQUETTE, ISN'T IT? I WAS TOLD ETIQUETTE IS MOST IMPORTANT.

SEE THAT, JILL! BREWER'S ONLY TAKING THE CHANCE TO ROUGH YOUNG MAXWELL UP, LEGAL LIKE!
BET SHE WOULDN'T PUSH US AROUND LIKE THAT! COME ON, DUSTY, I GOT SOME CIGARETTES PLANKED IN A LOCKER.

But inside the gym—

THE FIRST THING TO STUDY IN JUDO IS UKEMI, THE ART OF BREAKING A FALL. YOU HAVE TO BE FEARLESS IN FALLING, AND KNOW HOW TO DO IT.
OH, I SEE! I WONDERED WHAT YOU WERE DOING!



Terry "bumps" into an unexpected visitor.

Miss Brewer showed Terry several ways to fall without hurting herself.

THIS IS A ROLLING FALL, TERRY. ACROBATS, GYMNASTS, JOCKEYS, ALL USE THIS FALL.

Terry worked hard at Ukemi till she could fall confidently.

Then, about ten days after her first lesson—

YOUNG MAXWELL'S GETTING TO BE A REAL TEACHER'S PET. IT'S TIME SHE WAS CUT DOWN TO SIZE!

JILL SAYS WE'LL DO IT TONIGHT. WE'LL CATCH HER COMING FROM THE GYM.

That evening, about six-thirty—

OH, I'M SORRY, MRS CUNLEY.

YOU, MAXWELL! CHARGING ABOUT LIKE A MAD BULL! YOU NEARLY KNOCKED ME OVER!

Mrs Cunley, whose daughter, Celia, was Terry's friend, was the magistrate who had sent Terry to the approved school.

Mrs Cunley had come to see Miss Carter, the Head of the school.

REALLY, MISS CARTER, THAT GIRL MAXWELL NEEDS CAREFUL WATCHING.

I MUST TELL YOU HONESTLY, MRS CUNLEY, THAT IN THE HOME WE REGARD TERRY AS A MODEL GIRL WHO REALLY SHOULD NOT BE HERE AT ALL!

In the gym—

NOW THEN, TERRY, YOU'VE WORKED HARD AT THE BASIC THINGS. WE COME TO THROWS YOU NEED FOR THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD, AND THE FIRST IS TAI-OTOSHI.

THESE JAPANESE NAMES ARE REALLY QUEER, BUT FASCINATING TOO!

Miss Brewer demonstrated the throw.

Then Terry tried.

NO, YOU'RE NOT DOING IT RAPIDLY ENOUGH. USE THE POWER OF YOUR BODY TURN. FEEL AS IF YOU'RE SWINGING A BIG AXE DOWN AT A TREE!

THAT'S IT. YOU'RE A GOOD PUPIL. TAI-OTOSHI IS A VERY USEFUL THROW TO PRACTISE.

I MUST TRY AND GET OTHER GIRLS TO JOIN US. THEN WE COULD PRACTISE ON ONE ANOTHER.

When Terry left the gym—

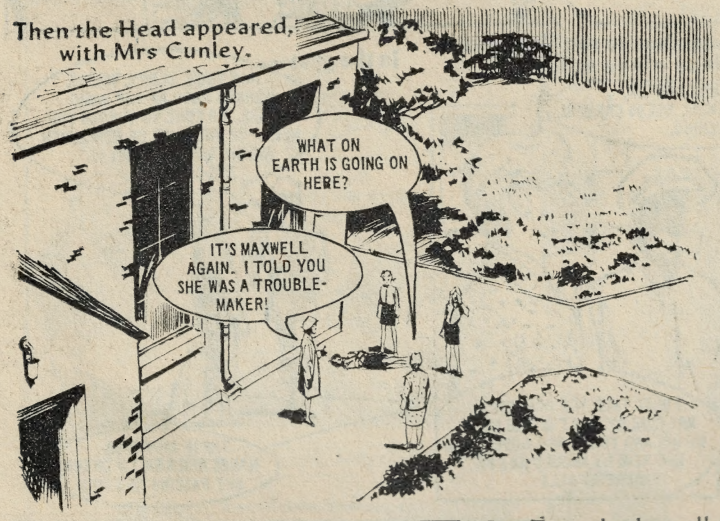
I'LL WASH MY JUDOGI BEFORE NEXT PRACTICE. JUDO ETIQUETTE INSISTS THAT JUDOGI SHOULD ALWAYS BE CLEAN.

HERE SHE COMES. WE'LL SHOW HER IT DOESN'T PAY TO BE A TEACHER'S PET HERE!

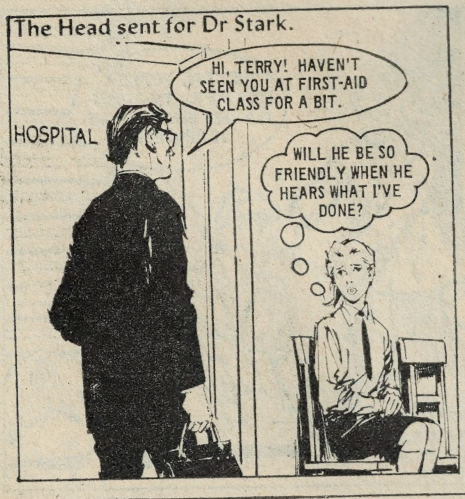
RIGHT, MAXWELL. THIS IS WHERE YOU GET THE MESSAGE!

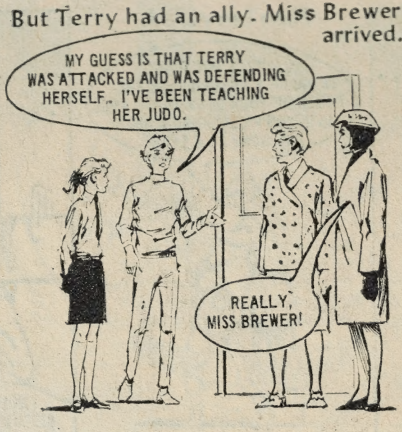
JILL PLUMMER! DUSTY AND TEDDIE TOO! I'M FOR IT NOW!

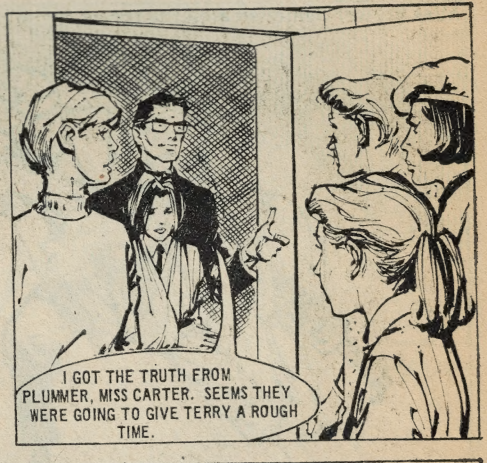
Terry's victory brings her more heartbreak.



JUST TAKING A WALK, WE WERE, AND SHE CAME AT US. SHE'S GOT A GRUDGE AGAINST US, SHE HAS.
THIS GIRL'S SHOULDER IS DISLOCATED, MISS CARTER. THIS IS SERIOUS. WE MUST GET HER TO HOSPITAL.


The Head sent for Dr Stark.
HOSPITAL
HI, TERRY! HAVEN'T SEEN YOU AT FIRST-AID CLASS FOR A BIT.
WILL HE BE SO FRIENDLY WHEN HE HEARS WHAT I'VE DONE?


But Terry had an ally. Miss Brewer arrived.
MY GUESS IS THAT TERRY WAS ATTACKED AND WAS DEFENDING HERSELF. I'VE BEEN TEACHING HER JUDO.
REALLY, MISS BREWER!



IT WOULD APPEAR, MRS CUNLEY, THAT A NASTY BIT OF BULLYING MISFIRED. YOU CAN GO, TERRY.
VERY WELL. BUT AS VISITING MAGISTRATE, I INSIST THAT THIS DANGEROUS JUDO BE STOPPED AT ONCE BEFORE SOMEONE IS SERIOUSLY INJURED.

Later, in the kitchen—
IT'S A REAL SHAME, TERRY, SO IT IS. BUT I BET THAT PLUMMER STAYS CLEAR OF YOU FROM NOW ON.
I WISH I COULD BE SO SURE, MRS GALT! ANYWAY, THAT'S MY PURSUIT FOR THE AWARD FINISHED! I'LL HAVE TO STUDY THE HANDBOOK AND FIND ANOTHER!

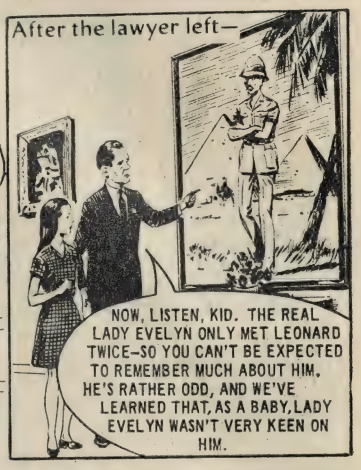
NEXT WEEK—Terry receives another set-back to her plans.

THE RIDDLE OF The LOST HEIRESS

YOUNG Evvy Collins was being passed off as Lady Evelyn Kenwood by Joe and Bertha Castin, butler and housekeeper at Kenwood Hall. Evvy had convinced some of the Kenwood family that she was the lost heiress, but some of Lady Evelyn's other relatives who did not want to lose their share in the vast fortune had called in Mr Sedley, a lawyer, to investigate.

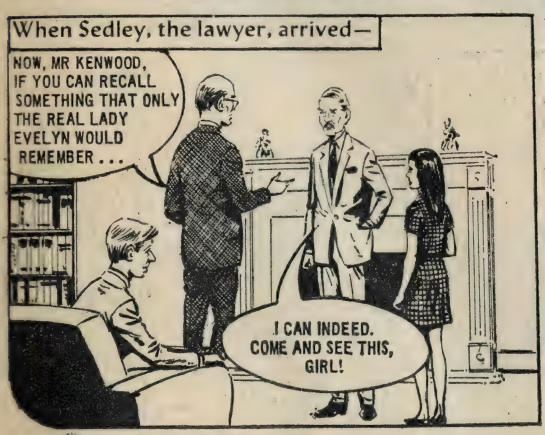
IT'S THAT OLD SEDLEY AGAIN, BERTHA. WHAT DOES HE WANT NOW?
YES, MR LEONARD WILL STAY AT KENWOOD HALL, CASTIN. YOU'D BETTER PREPARE THE MAIN GUEST ROOM.
I WONDER WHAT THIS UNCLE WILL BE LIKE? I SEEM TO REMEMBER SOMETHING ABOUT HIM, BUT IT'S MAYBE SOMETHING I WAS TOLD BY CASTIN.

THIS LETTER'S FROM THE ONLY ONE OF THE KENWOOD FAMILY YOU HAVEN'T MET YET, EVELYN, FROM YOUR UNCLE LEONARD.
HE'S THE EXPERT ON ANCIENT EGYPT. IS HE COMING HOME?


After the lawyer left—
NOW, LISTEN, KID. THE REAL LADY EVELYN ONLY MET LEONARD TWICE—SO YOU CAN'T BE EXPECTED TO REMEMBER MUCH ABOUT HIM. HE'S RATHER ODD, AND WE'VE LEARNED THAT, AS A BABY, LADY EVELYN WASN'T VERY KEEN ON HIM.

When Uncle Leonard arrived a few days later, he brought Evelyn's cousins, Jon and Walter.
HELLO, UNCLE LEONARD.
HI, FAKE! CAN WE GO FOR A SWIM IN THE RIVER?

OH, WALTER, I'M SORRY, I HATE TO GO NEAR THE RIVER NOW.
YES, UNCLE LEONARD, SHE'S A GREAT LITTLE ACTRESS, BUT A FRAUD FOR ALL THAT. I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND HER OUT.


When Sedley, the lawyer, arrived—
NOW, MR KENWOOD, IF YOU CAN RECALL SOMETHING THAT ONLY THE REAL LADY EVELYN WOULD REMEMBER . . .
I CAN INDEED. COME AND SEE THIS, GIRL!

The tell-tale card trick!

I REMEMBER NOW, AND I WAS ONLY THREE. DADDY WAS ANGRY WHEN YOU FRIGHTENED ME. YOU PUT ONE OF THOSE ON MY PILLOW. HE TOLD YOU YOU MIGHT KNOW ABOUT EGYPT, BUT YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT CHILDREN!
VERY CLEVER! I WONDER WHERE YOU LEARNED THAT?
I REMEMBER MORE. THERE WERE HUGE THINGS LIKE COFFINS CARVED LIKE PEOPLE AND OLD JEWELS, AND YOU GAVE ME MONEY FOR ICE-CREAM AND TOLD ME NOT TO TELL!
THE GIRL IS RIGHT. I WAS SUPPOSED TO TAKE HER UP TO THE ZOO IN LONDON. I TOOK HER TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM EGYPTIAN ROOMS INSTEAD. THIS COULD BE SOMETHING ONLY THE REAL EVELYN WOULD KNOW.
YOU FORGET, UNCLE LEONARD, THAT I WAS VISITING AT KENWOOD HALL JUST AFTER YOU LEFT. CHILDREN CAN NEVER KEEP SECRETS. EVELYN TOLD ME, SO YOU CAN BET SHE TOLD OTHER PEOPLE. I TOLD YOU THIS GIRL HAS BEEN WELL INFORMED!
THAT JON WILL RUIN EVERYTHING!
IN MY STUDIES AND IN MY TRAVELS, I HAVE COME ACROSS MANY STRANGE THINGS. I WOULD LIKE TO CARRY OUT AN EXPERIMENT WHICH MIGHT EXPLAIN A LOT...
YOU WILL GO INTO THE BREAKFAST ROOM, EVELYN, AND THINK HARD. IF ONE OF THOSE SYMBOLS COMES INTO YOUR MIND, WRITE IT DOWN. WE WILL STAY HERE. I WILL SHOW A CARD EVERY MINUTE, AND WE WILL ALL THINK HARD ABOUT THAT CARD.
Evvy was put in the next room to think of the signs. Suddenly—
IT'S JOE CASTIN! WHAT DOES HE WANT, I WONDER?
BERTHA'S AT THE LIBRARY WINDOW. SHE'LL SIGNAL 'ONE' TO 'SIX' ACCORDING TO WHICH ONE IS HELD UP, AND YOU'LL GET THEM ALL RIGHT.
FIVE. THAT'S THE CROSS!
I'VE GOT A FEELING THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT UNCLE LEN'S AT!
Half an hour later—
HERE YOU ARE, UNCLE LEN. THESE ARE WHAT CAME INTO MY MIND.
WE'LL CHECK THEM.

The clue of the strange song!

AMAZING! SENSATIONAL. SHE'S GOT EVERY ONE RIGHT. I HAVE NEVER SEEN SUCH A FANTASTIC SCORE. BY GUESSWORK ALONE A PERSON SHOULD NOT GET ANY MORE THAN FIVE ACCIDENTALLY RIGHT! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS?
THIS GIRL HAS SUPER-ABILITY TO READ THOUGHTS, IN WHICH CASE SHE WOULD KNOW ALL ABOUT US FROM READING WHAT IS IN OUR OWN MINDS!
CASTIN HAS BEEN TOO CLEVER THIS TIME! HIS CHEATING HAS WORKED AGAINST HIM!
YOU SEE, MR SEDLEY, BY THIS STRANGE POWER OF THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE, EVERY TIME WE THOUGHT ABOUT HER SHE WOULD LEARN SOME STORY TO TELL US.
IT'S A STRANGE IDEA, BUT IT MIGHT EXPLAIN A GREAT DEAL. CERTAINLY, WE MUST STILL DOUBT THAT THIS IS THE RIGHT GIRL.
YES, JON, I THINK I HAVE EXPOSED HER AS NOTHING MORE THAN A TALENTED MIND-READER.
HEY, FAKE, CAN YOU PLAY THIS THING AT ALL? I FOUND IT IN THE ATTIC BEDROOM.
Suddenly—
BUT TELL ME, UNCLE LEN— SUPPOSE I WAS ABLE TO REMEMBER SOMETHING ABOUT US THAT WASN'T IN YOUR MIND, SOMETHING YOU HAD FORGOTTEN. WHAT THEN?
NOW, I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS, BUT I CONNECT IT WITH YOU. "SEVRA, RA, OSIS, ORISON. SEVRA KALEEFA, SIM, SIM, OSIRIS!!
IT'S A VERSION OF ANCIENT EGYPTIAN WORDS, ONE OF THE OLDEST SONGS IN HISTORY. I TAUGHT IT TO EVELYN ONE DAY IN HER NURSERY. IT WAS TO BE OUR SECRET SONG!
"SEVRA, RA, SIM, SIM OSIRIS!"
I HAVEN'T GIVEN A THOUGHT TO THAT FOR MANY YEARS, SEDLEY. I FEEL THAT ONLY THE REAL EVELYN COULD HAVE KNOWN ABOUT "SEVRA, RA". I MADE IT UP ONLY FOR HER.
VERY GOOD, MR LEONARD. I TAKE IT YOU ARE PREPARED TO ACCEPT HER THEN?
YOU'VE WANGLED IT AGAIN, HAVE YOU? DON'T WORRY, I'LL NEVER STOP TILL I EXPOSE YOU AS THE FAKE YOU ARE!
FAKE OR WHAT . . . I DON'T KNOW WHAT I AM!

NEXT WEEK—A decision is made—will Evvy find out who she is?

It's the strangest statue in Italy—thanks to Debbie Miller!

HOORAY FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

WELL, here we are in Italy at last! I never thought our old car would make it. Goodness knows how many things Mum has left behind on the journey through France and Spain—I know we lost most of the picnic spoons on the French Riviera; and we have to manage with one towel between us now because the rest of them are still hanging on the washing line at a camp site some hundred miles back. Mum's the arty type—she's inclined to forget unimportant things like towels.

If it wasn't that Dad kept a tight hold on passports and travellers' cheques and things, we'd probably have lost those, too. But Dad is the most careful man I've ever met—too careful I sometimes think, when he potters about with endless bits of paper with detailed routes of towns, camp sites, and temperatures in and out of the shade.

My name is Debbie Miller, and I'm having the holiday of my life with Mum and Dad. We took our battered old car over the Channel from England and we're going round Europe—well, the France, Spain, and Italy bit of it, anyway.

And now we're in Pisa, which according to all Dad's guide books, is one of the oldest towns in Italy. It's beautiful! Everywhere you look in Italy there are fountains and statues, and all the houses seem to be different shades of orange (amber, Dad says) and most of it is very old. Dad suggested we spend a day in Pisa and then go on to find a camping site later. He wanted us to look round the cathedral and the Leaning Tower—which is what Pisa's famous for.

The Leaning Tower of Pisa is a funny, tall building like a church tower that forgot about bringing its church along with it. It looks as if the builders got so tired building all those little windows that they leaned back against the building when it was finished, to wipe their foreheads—and whoopee!—they pushed the tower over. So there it is, about to topple over any minute, though Dad says it's been like that for hundreds of years, and that's the wonderful thing about it.

Mum was still wearing the purple straw hat she bought in Spain and she wanted to wear it when we went inside the cathedral. Dad said this was out—and the thing to do was buy Mum an Italian silk scarf to go sightseeing in.

Off we went looking for an Italian silk scarf. Dad left us in the middle of the town, because he wanted to look for films for his camera. Mum and I wandered down funny little streets with washing strung across our heads from one window to the other like bunting in England on special festivals.

Everyone seems lazy in Italy. They all sit around outside their open doors and play very loud music and leave windows open so that you can hear it all down the street. It makes it more exciting somehow—especially when you have to keep dodging inside the open doors to avoid the funny little Italian cars that whoosh at you from out of nowhere.

We bought a scarf—a beautiful pink one that cost a fortune. Mum also bought a pink handbag to go with it, because her Spanish basket had got sticky with broken eggs, and we decided a handbag was smarter for Italy. It cost most of our Italian money, so Mum and I had quite a confession to make to Dad when we met him for a gelato—which is Italian for ice cream and even nicer than the English kind.

We went round the cathedral, and then I wanted to climb the Leaning Tower. Mum wanted to buy postcards.

"Good gracious, no!" Dad said. "I've taken all this time hunting down a film for the camera, so now we can have our own photos of Pisa. Who wants the same old picture postcards everyone else is buying?"

So Mum got out her sketch pad and pastels (she always carries these around with her) and sat on the ground to sketch the Leaning Tower. Dad got out his book of instructions for taking colour photos in bright sunlight and lay on the ground on his back, so that he could take an unusual view of the skyline. I said I'd start climbing.

"I'm sure it's going to be windy at the top," Mum said. "There's a bit of a breeze blowing, Debbie."

So she very kindly lent me her new silk scarf to tie round my hair.

Of course, I didn't wear it. I hate wearing things on my head, even if my hair does get a bit tuggy at times. So I carried the scarf, and decided I'd wave it to them when I got to the top—just to let them know I was there.

THE ASCENT.

I CAN'T imagine what made me want to get to the top of that tower. I wouldn't say "yes" again! There's a spiral staircase goes round and round all the way to the top. But, of course, the stairs are leaning, too! I kept thinking I'd fall over backwards, and I hung on to the wall in case I did. I'm a lazy person, and I wished I hadn't started to climb. But then, of course, if you're going to start something

The Editor of "Mandy" enjoys reading the letters you send him. Thank you!

—there's not really much point in giving up halfway, is there?

I reached the top—which has a sort of parapet round it to stop people falling off. I felt too dizzy to look over the edge, so I looked up at the sky instead, and that made me feel worse.

I just stood on tiptoe and held the scarf up in the air, hoping Mum and Dad would see it. Then I felt wobbly on tiptoe—but instead of hanging on tighter with my feet—I let go with my hand ! And Mum's beautiful new Italian pink silk scarf floated away in the breeze.

There was no need to look over the edge to see where it had landed—because it landed in full view from the tower top. Mum's beautiful scarf floated away until it met one of the statues on the pinnacle of the cathedral. It wrapped itself round the head of the statue, and there it stayed! Hundreds of feet out of everybody's reach, in full view of all the tourists. A beautiful carved statue with a pink silk scarf wrapped round its face like a burglar !

A CONFESSION.

IT was much worse getting down those spiral steps. My conscience felt just as wobbly as the rest of me. When I got down again I knew at once that Mum and Dad hadn't noticed. Dad was still taking shots of the tower, squatting down on his haunches and peering into the camera, his instruction book beside him.

"Dad," I said nervously. "That scarf didn't really suit Mum, did it ?"

Dad jumped up and I thought he had seen the burglar-kitted statue. But he only glanced in his instruction book, and then got down on one knee to take another photo.

"What's that, Debbie?" he said. "Yes, it does lean, doesn't it?"

I tried again.

"Those carvings are beautiful on the cathedral, don't you think so, Dad? Especially the statue over on the left there."

"You're casting a shadow," Dad answered. "Sorry, Debbie, dear. Wait a while. Nearly finished this film."

So I went off to Mum. She was still sketching away, trying to get the angle of the leaning right. I knew it was no good distracting her unless I did it gently.

"Mum," I suggested. "Why don't you draw a straight tower, and then cut off the bottom of the picture to make it crooked ?"

She looked up at me dreamily.

"What a good idea," she said and turned the picture around to see what a straight tower would look like.

"And, Mum," I went on, now that I had got her attention. "I'm afraid your scarf is wrapped round one of the statues on top of the cathedral. We can't get it down—unless we ask a passing bird, but I expect they speak Italian."

"Oh, dear," Mum said. "What a pity!"

Then she went back to her sketching.

I gave up. I wandered around and found a booth that sold postcards outside the cathedral. I tried not to let my eyes wander up to the statue, and specially bought a card showing him without a scarf on because if it wrapped itself round him for life, they wouldn't be able to take any more photos like that.

Then I bought lots more postcards and by that time Mum and Dad were ready to go back to the car and drive out of Pisa.

Of course, I did confess, and Dad was furious. That scarf had cost the best part of our Italian money.

We drove that afternoon to Florence, and got there very late, but we found a wonderful camping site on a hill overlooking the city. After we'd pitched camp we all changed into smart clothes and drove down into the town to find a smart place for dinner.

We sat at a little table out in the street, and a violinist came and played to us while we tried to eat spaghetti with a fork. Dad must have got all soft with the music, because he told Mum and me he didn't really mind so much about the scarf—these things happened on holiday. He said he liked the pink handbag, but Mum had better not leave it behind under the table because Dad had popped his used films into it and he wanted them developed, because he was sure he'd taken the photo to beat all photos of the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

Mum told him she never did bring her handbag out to dinner in case she lost it. And then, suddenly she went very white.

"My handbag!" she cried. "I must have left it at Pisa, outside the Leaning Tower—with all your films in it! Please forgive me, George!"

Well, Dad did forgive her—eventually. I think the violin music helped. We didn't go back to Pisa—anyway, the bag probably wouldn't still be there after so long. I don't know if Dad's photos would have been good or not. He never took any more the whole of the holiday.

But he was awfully glad I'd bought the picture postcards. Every time I look at that picture of the cathedral, I always wonder if the statue still wears his scarf like a burglar.

NEXT WEEK—Look out, Venice, the Millers are heading your way!

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"Burn the witch!"

THE DOOR TO YESTERDAY

TWELVE-YEAR-OLD Kerry Hollis discovered that a wardrobe in her aunt's attic was really a time machine that could take her back to the year 1767.

In 1767, Kerry made friends with Penelope, a young scullery maid. Kerry found out that Penelope's brother, Alfred, was the rightful owner of the estates of the cruel Sir Mark Grayson.

Kerry was taken prisoner by Sir Mark, who accused her of being a witch.

THIS GIRL BEFORE YOU IS A WITCH! AND I HAVE PROOF THAT SHE IS TO BLAME FOR MANY OF THE MISFORTUNES THAT HAVE BEFALLEN THIS VILLAGE RECENTLY!
NOW HE'LL SHOW THEM THE PHOTOGRAPHS HE FOUND IN MY POCKET. I WAS DOING THE HIGH JUMP IN ONE OF THEM—AND HE THOUGHT I WAS FLYING!

THESE ARE VERY STRANGE PICTURES. BUT THEY DO NOT PROVE SHE IS TO BLAME FOR OUR MISFORTUNES.
I HAVE EVIDENCE HERE TO SHOW SHE IS A DANGER TO OUR WHOLE COUNTRY. THIS PIECE OF PAPER WAS FOUND IN HER POCKET.

THIS IS CLEARLY A SPELL OF SOME KIND TO ENABLE OUR COUNTRY TO BE BEATEN BY AN ENEMY!
IT'S TRUE! SHE IS A TRAITOR AS WELL AS A WITCH!

HOW CAN I EXPLAIN THAT IT'S JUST A SCRAP OF NEWSPAPER THAT WAS WRAPPED ROUND THE FOOD I BROUGHT FOR ALFRED? AND THAT IT'S SIMPLY A REPORT OF THE LATEST CRICKET MATCH BETWEEN ENGLAND AND AUSTRALIA?

Kerry was dragged to the village jail.
YOU WILL BE LOCKED UP HERE WHILE WE PREPARE FOR YOUR EXECUTION LATER TODAY!
BURN THE WITCH! BURN THE WITCH!

Kerry was allowed a visitor.
PENELOPE! OH, I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU.
I'VE BROUGHT YOU SOME FOOD AS YOU HELPED US SO OFTEN. I WISH I COULD HELP YOU NOW.

I'M SURE IT'S NOT RIGHT EVEN TO BURN A REAL WITCH, NEVER MIND YOU, KERRY. BUT SIR MARK HAS A WAY OF MAKING THE PEOPLE HERE DO ANYTHING HE WANTS.
I THINK I MIGHT BE ABLE TO SPOIL HIS PLANS— IF YOU HELP ME, PENELOPE. WILL YOU LEND ME YOUR SHAWL AND BASKET?

1767

1967

Tied to the stake!

It only took a minute for the girls to exchange clothes.
SAID YOUR FAREWELL TO THE LITTLE WITCH, HAVE YOU? THAT'S THE LAST FOOD SHE'LL BE HAVING!
AS LONG AS HE DOESN'T SEE MY FACE, HE'LL THINK I'M PENELOPE.
Kerry hurried straight to Mr Mantell's house. He had invented the wardrobe, which was in the attic of his house.
NO SIGN OF MR AND MRS MANTELL, THANK GOODNESS! THEY'D WONDER WHAT I WAS DOING HERE. NOW TO GO BACK TO 1967.
Back in 1967, Kerry hurried to the County Records Office.
IS THERE ANY WAY I CAN GET A COPY OF THIS PAGE, WHICH RECORDS HOW THE GRAYSON ESTATES WERE BEQUEATHED TO SAMUEL MILLER IN 1730?
THAT'S EASY ENOUGH. WE CAN MAKE A PHOTO-COPY WHICH WILL BE AS GOOD AS THE ORIGINAL.
Then Kerry went on to the public library.
THIS IS THE FILE OF THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER FOR 1767. I WONDER IF THEY REPORTED ON THE WEATHER IN THOSE DAYS? AH—HERE WE ARE!
NOW TO GET BACK TO 1767. I'VE GOT TO HURRY BEFORE THEY TAKE PENELOPE OUT AND EXECUTE HER INSTEAD OF ME!
Quickly Kerry changed back into Penelope's clothes.
MR MANTELL IS MY ONLY HOPE NOW. WHEN I SHOW HIM THIS PAPER, HE WILL BE ABLE TO EXPOSE SIR MARK AS THE SWINDLER HE IS!
OH, DEAR, THERE'S NO SIGN OF MR MANTELL ANYWHERE. HE MUST HAVE GONE OUT FOR THE DAY. BUT I HAVEN'T TIME TO WAIT FOR HIM TO COME BACK— POOR PENELOPE IS IN DANGER. I'LL LEAVE THIS PAPER HERE AND HOPE HE SEES IT IN TIME.
IN YOU GO AGAIN, BUT I CAN'T SEE WHY ANYONE SHOULD WANT TO VISIT A WITCH WHO'S ABOUT TO BE BURNED.
Once more, Kerry and Penelope changed clothes.
OH, KERRY, IS THERE NOTHING I CAN DO?
DON'T WORRY, PENELOPE. YOU GO HOME NOW, I'LL BE ABLE TO LOOK AFTER MYSELF.
When Sir Mark came for Kerry—
WILL YOU LET ME HAVE ONE LAST FAVOUR? DON'T LIGHT THE FLAMES UNTIL TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES AFTER THREE.
THAT'S A STRANGE REQUEST. BUT IT WILL GIVE US TIME TO BUILD AN EVEN BIGGER PILE OF WOOD!
WE'LL SOON BE RID OF THIS EVIL WITCH ONCE AND FOR ALL!
WHEN I FIRST STEPPED INTO THAT WARDROBE, I NEVER THOUGHT I'D END UP LIKE THIS! LET'S HOPE MY PLAN WORKS!

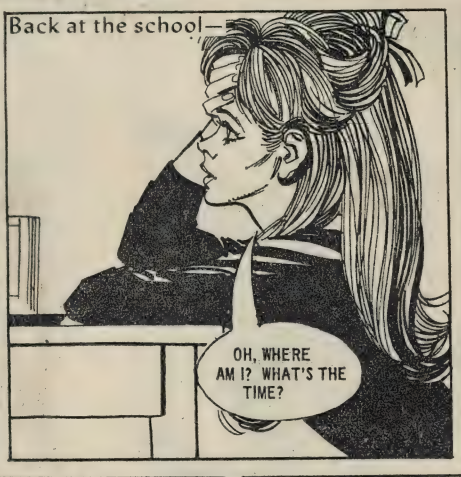
What is Kerry's plan—and will it work in time? Don't miss NEXT WEEK'S thrilling pictures.

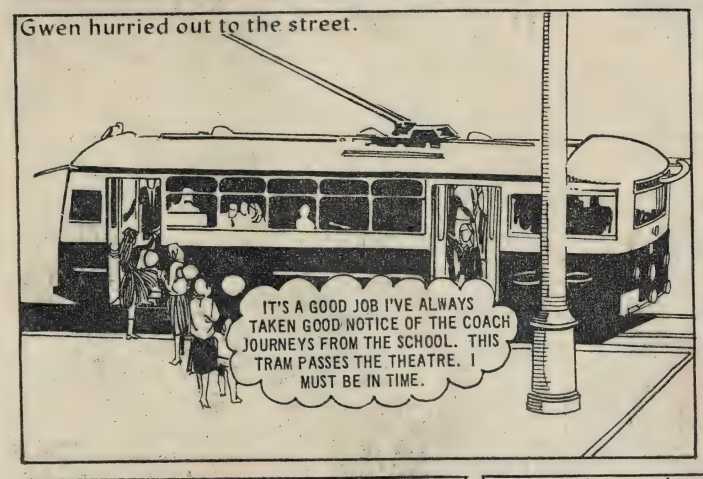
Gwen's race against time.

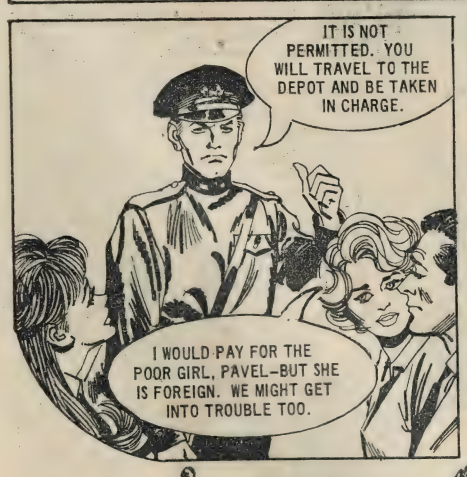
LONELY BALLERINA

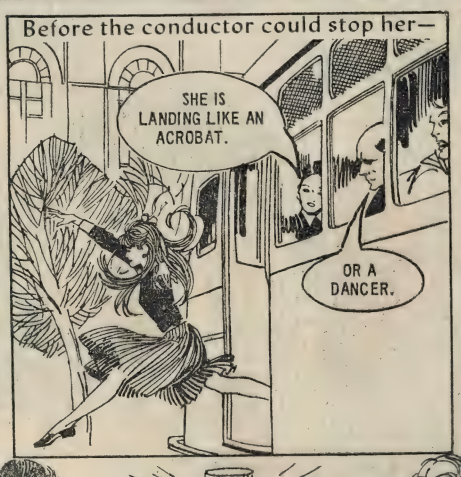
GWEN Jones, from a Welsh village, had won a place in the famous Slavonia Ballet of Moscow. Her brilliant but highly-individual style had won the approval of the Director, Igor Zoritch. Novik, a lesser official, was seeking to replace Zoritch, and he and his wife, Bronislava, had schemed to make Gwen disgrace Zoritch by letting him down after he had promoted her to a role in "Swan Lake". They persuaded Alicia Birkenshaw, a jealous young dancer, to give Gwen a doped drink just before the ballet.

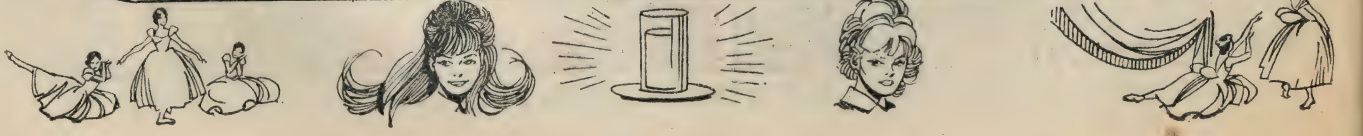
A coach took the dancers from the school to the theatre.
GOOD. SO FAR NO-ONE HAS NOTICED GWEN'S ABSENCE. THE LATER IT IS BEFORE SHE'S MISSED THE MORE SERIOUS IT'LL BE.



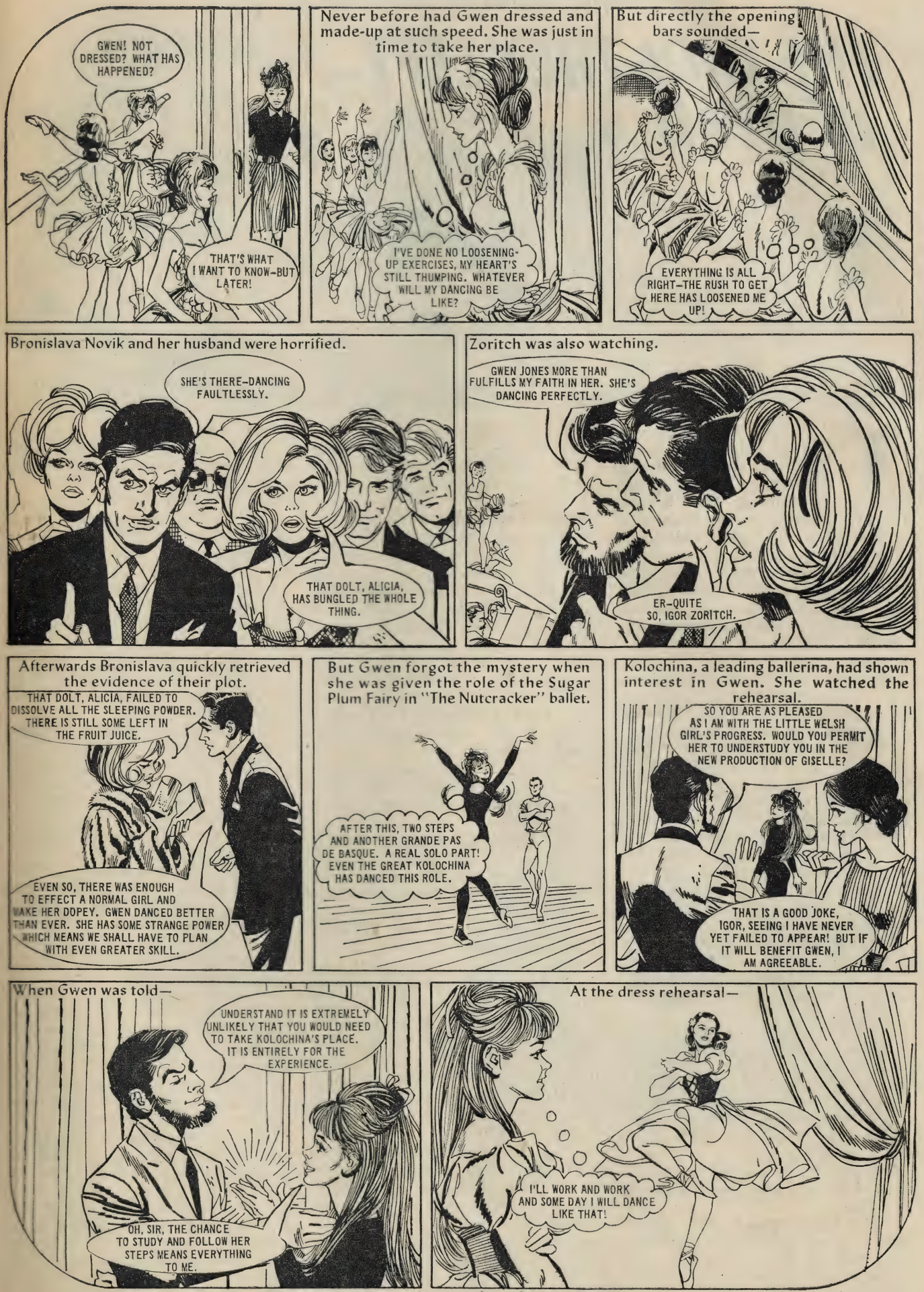

Gwen hurried out to the street.
IT'S A GOOD JOB I'VE ALWAYS TAKEN GOOD NOTICE OF THE COACH JOURNEYS FROM THE SCHOOL. THIS TRAM PASSES THE THEATRE. I MUST BE IN TIME.


IT IS NOT PERMITTED. YOU WILL TRAVEL TO THE DEPOT AND BE TAKEN IN CHARGE.
I WOULD PAY FOR THE POOR GIRL, PAVEL—BUT SHE IS FOREIGN. WE MIGHT GET INTO TROUBLE TOO.





Another role for Gwen.


GWEN! NOT DRESSED? WHAT HAS HAPPENED?
THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO KNOW—BUT LATER!
Never before had Gwen dressed and made-up at such speed. She was just in time to take her place.
I'VE DONE NO LOOSENING-UP EXERCISES, MY HEART'S STILL THUMPING. WHATEVER WILL MY DANCING BE LIKE?
But directly the opening bars sounded—
EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT—THE RUSH TO GET HERE HAS LOOSENED ME UP!
Bronislava Novik and her husband were horrified.
SHE'S THERE—DANCING FAULTLESSLY.
THAT DOLT, ALICIA, HAS BUNGLED THE WHOLE THING.
Zoritch was also watching.
GWEN JONES MORE THAN FULFILLS MY FAITH IN HER. SHE'S DANCING PERFECTLY.
ER—QUITE SO, IGOR ZORITCH.
Afterwards Bronislava quickly retrieved the evidence of their plot.
THAT DOLT, ALICIA, FAILED TO DISSOLVE ALL THE SLEEPING POWDER. THERE IS STILL SOME LEFT IN THE FRUIT JUICE.
EVEN SO, THERE WAS ENOUGH TO EFFECT A NORMAL GIRL AND WAKE HER DOPEY. GWEN DANCED BETTER THAN EVER. SHE HAS SOME STRANGE POWER WHICH MEANS WE SHALL HAVE TO PLAN WITH EVEN GREATER SKILL.
But Gwen forgot the mystery when she was given the role of the Sugar Plum Fairy in "The Nutcracker" ballet.
AFTER THIS, TWO STEPS AND ANOTHER GRANDE PAS DE BASQUE. A REAL SOLO PART! EVEN THE GREAT KOLOCHINA HAS DANCED THIS ROLE.
Kolochina, a leading ballerina, had shown interest in Gwen. She watched the rehearsal.
SO YOU ARE AS PLEASED AS I AM WITH THE LITTLE WELSH GIRL'S PROGRESS. WOULD YOU PERMIT HER TO UNDERSTUDY YOU IN THE NEW PRODUCTION OF GISELLE?
THAT IS A GOOD JOKE, IGOR, SEEING I HAVE NEVER YET FAILED TO APPEAR! BUT IF IT WILL BENEFIT GWEN, I AM AGREEABLE.
When Gwen was told—
UNDERSTAND IT IS EXTREMELY UNLIKELY THAT YOU WOULD NEED TO TAKE KOLOCHINA'S PLACE. IT IS ENTIRELY FOR THE EXPERIENCE.
OH, SIR, THE CHANCE TO STUDY AND FOLLOW HER STEPS MEANS EVERYTHING TO ME.
At the dress rehearsal—
I'LL WORK AND WORK AND SOME DAY I WILL DANCE LIKE THAT!

NEXT WEEK—A chance of a lifetime for Gwen.

A baby elephant carries the baby Prince into danger!

THE GIRL THEY LEFT BEHIND

THE shock of finding the young Prince gone from the hut where she had left him was so great that, for a moment, Joan Bryant couldn't move or get her breath.

Joan was the thirteen-year-old daughter of the British Consul in the Asian country of Cambada. Following an army revolt, led by the ruthless Colonel Suyin, Joan's father and his staff had left the country. But Joan was accidentally left behind, and she had taken on a dangerous task.

A two-year-old boy, Prince Chula, was the only member of the Cambadian Royal Family left alive—and Joan had promised to take him across the frontier to safety.

Suddenly a hand touched Joan on the shoulder and she let out a startled, high-pitched cry of fear. The soldiers had caught her and they'd already taken the Prince, was her first thought.

"Make no more loud sounds," an old man said quietly. He was very old, his hair white, his face wrinkled, but his eyes were alert, intelligent and somehow reassuring.

"Wh-who are you ?" Joan managed to get out.

"They call me Karim the Elder," he told her and he turned towards the door.

"Come. Soon the soldiers will have got over the fright you gave them when you stampeded the elephants. They will start to search again. Come," he repeated impatiently as she hesitated.

"The—my little sister," Joan said. "I have to find her. She was hurt and I laid her down there."

She pointed to the bed roll where she had left the baby Prince, disguised as a girl.

"The little one is hidden safely," Karim replied. "I saw to that and then came back for you. He is waiting for you and may start crying if left alone for too long. Hurry, please."

"HE !" Joan's face filled with fear. "I told you. He—she——"

"You think a girl's dress would deceive one who has served the Royal Family since the age of six ?" Karim cut in.

Now he took her by the arm and pulled her through the door.

"Come, I say. We will talk as we go."

He led the way through the forest at a pace, which Joan, many years younger, found hard to match, and it left her no spare breath for asking questions. The thought passed through her mind that he could be leading her into a trap, but she dismissed it at once, somehow confident that he was a good man. At last he stopped at thick bushes, near to a high outcrop of rocks and parted the bushes.

"In here," he said, showing a small cave beyond. A wail reached them. "And just in time. The Prince has come to."

Prince Chula was sitting up, holding a hand to his sore head and tears were streaming down his chubby cheeks. When he saw Joan he held out his arms to her.

"I was afraid," he said piteously. "My head hurts."

"You bumped it," Joan told him. She knelt and held him close, near to tears herself with the relief of being with him again, and of knowing the injury was not as bad as she had feared.

"Your Highness," the old man knelt in front of the child now and spoke very gently. "Do you remember me ?"

Chula looked closely then smiled through his tears.

"You are Karim's grandfather," he said. "Karim told me that you taught him all about elephants and that you were the greatest elephant man in the whole world."

"My grandson exaggerates," the old man said with an apologetic note in his voice. Then his eyes filled with tears. "But he could not exaggerate my willingness to serve the Royal Family."

He dashed a hand across his eyes.

"You must forgive an old man's tears. They come more easily, I find, as I grow older."

"What were you doing in the forest ?" Joan asked. "Is the hut yours ? Surely a valued and loyal servant of the Palace would have been given a house and a pension ?"

"They were very generous," Karim said with feeling. "But I built the hut because I was bored with idleness and then I took to spending some time in it, to be near the elephants. If I had gone to the Palace stables my grandson would have chided me and told me I was too old to be at work."

"I would like to see Karim," Chula piped up. "He is my best friend."

"Karim tried to defend those he loved and served," Karim the Elder said, and his eyes misted over with tears again. "How much does the Prince know ?" he asked in a whisper to Joan.

"Not much, thank goodness !" Joan whispered back. "I've tried to make him think we are playing a sort of game. We are the Goodies and Colonel Suyin's men the Baddies. How long I can keep it up I don't know. He's very bright for his age."

She glanced down at Chula and found that he had suddenly fallen asleep. She hoped it was natural sleep, anyway. His breathing was normal enough. Karim looked at her keenly.

"You speak our language perfectly," he said, "but you are not one of us. You are, I think, a European ?"

"Yes," Joan admitted, then gave a rueful smile. "I hope all eyes and ears are not so keen as yours, Karim. My name is Joan Bryant and my father is British Consul. I got left behind—there was a muddle—when my father and the others left by car for the border. I was hiding in the grounds and I came across Chula's nurse. She had been badly wounded trying to get him to us and—and she died."

"So you were left to care for the Prince," Karim mused. He gave her another of his keen looks. "You could have handed him over to Colonel Suyin and asked for a safe passage to the border. Why didn't you?"

"I hate that man!" Joan said with spirit. "Hate him and mistrust him. I know he would have killed the Prince. I couldn't let that happen."

"You are a good girl and a brave one," Karim told her. "Now I will help. We will stay here for a couple of days, until the search has moved to another area. Then we will move on."

"What if they find this cave?" Joan asked anxiously. "The tracker dogs have clothes of Chula's and mine to give them a scent to follow."

"That will wear off soon and be of no use to them," Karim assured her. "They won't find this cave. Try to sleep."

He took Chula from her, very gently and, just as gently, probed the little wound on the child's head.

"He will be all right. A headache for a day or two, perhaps. Go to sleep. You can trust me."

"I do," Joan said sincerely. She settled for sleep, but before she closed her eyes, asked, "Your grandson—was he killed in the fighting?" Karim nodded. "I'm sorry," replied Joan.

"He died honourably," Karim said with dignity. "That eases my grief. I will die, too, if needs be, to save this little one, my Prince."

ON THE MOVE.

FOR two days the cave was a refuge for them. Twice the old man left it. Once to fetch food from his hut, and again to replenish their water supply. On the third day, he thought it safe to move on.

"There is no sign of soldiers in the area," he told Joan. "They will be searching the villages now. These we must keep away from."

"I'll be glad to be on the move," Joan admitted. "It hasn't been easy keeping the Prince quiet and amused in here. He got over his tumble quickly."

"There will be harder things to face before you are safely across the border," Karim retorted.

"I don't doubt that." Joan picked up Chula. "We're going to play our game again now, Chula. You are a little girl, I am your big sister, and this is your grandfather."

Karim spoke to the little boy.

"Come, my Prince," he said respectfully. "Outside, I have something to show you."

"An elephant!" Chula said in astonishment when they came out of the cave. He clapped his hands with delight. "A little baby elephant! Is he for me?"

"To ride on," Karim agreed. "His mother was sick and died, and his father didn't mind my taking him away."

"I think my mother died." Chula's face puckered up, his lips began to tremble. "My father, too. There were soldiers with guns and long knives, and I saw—"

"Up you go," Joan cut in hastily. She swung Chula on to the elephant's back. "What a lucky boy you are to have such a nice little elephant to ride on."

"My dress gets in the way," Chula complained. "I would rather wear my trousers. He is a nice elephant, though."

"Very nice," Joan said with a smile.

His mind was off the dreadful things he had seen at the Palace at the time of Suyin's coup.

"Won't the elephant draw attention to us?" she asked as they set off, Karim leading the animal by its halter rope.

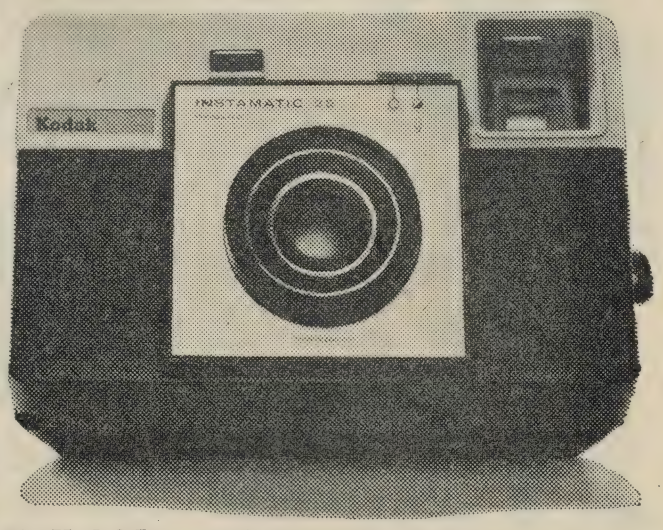
"Not in these parts," he answered. "They are often used as beasts of burden. We are going to take a difficult way over the mountains. The Prince could not have walked and climbed, and carrying him would have slowed us down."

"Elephants look so clumsy," Joan said doubtfully. "Can this one manage the steep, narrow paths?"

"Elephants are wonderful animals," Karim sounded rather huffy. "Not clumsy at all. Did they not teach you in your school of the man called Hannibal who took a great army of elephants across

"I'd be nice to my kid brother all year...

...for a Kodak Instamatic camera."



The Kodak Instamatic 25 camera costs around fifty bob.

It's so simple to use, even grown-ups couldn't mess it up.

And it takes extremely posh pictures.

So how much is it worth to you?

With Christmas on the way you're going to have to find someone to buy it for you.

So be nice, smile, pamper your kid brother. Small price to pay for "the present that clicks."

'Kodak' and 'Instamatic' are registered trade marks of Kodak Ltd.

Are you enjoying "Mandy"? The Editor would like to hear your views, girls.

high mountains ?"

"Yes, they did," Joan said with a smile. "But I'd forgotten. History wasn't my best subject."

School, and the normal life at the Consulate seemed like an almost-forgotten dream. So much had happened in so short a time.

Riding the elephant kept Chula happy for quite a while, but the sun grew hotter and the rough hide of the elephant began to chafe his legs and his complaints grew more frequent and more insistent.

"I want you to carry me," he told Joan. "On your back. I am tired of riding the elephant."

So Joan carried him for a while and then Karim took over, despite her protests that she could manage. Chula had cheered up and he decided Karim was a pony and kept tapping at the old man's flanks with his heels, urging him to go faster.

"Stop it, Chula," Joan told him. He ignored her. "Stop it !" she said more sharply, noticing the lines of fatigue deepening on Karim's face.

"Faster, faster !" Chula called and kicked Karim really hard.

In a moment, Joan had hold of him, turned him over and administered four slaps to his seat.

"Girl !" Karim was outraged. "He is a Prince !"

"I am a Prince," Chula said in parrot fashion. His lower lip jutted. "You are a naughty girl to smack me !"

"You are a naughty boy to treat Karim so when he is trying to help you and being so kind to you," Joan said sternly. She ignored the tears in his eyes. "Your nurse smacked you when you were naughty, didn't she ?" Chula nodded. "When you were rude to the servants or your sisters ?" Chula nodded again.

"She said a good Prince was kind and polite," he admitted. "She smacked harder than you," he added, rubbing his small seat.

"Good for her !" Joan held back a smile. "Now say your are 'sorry' to Karim."

He did as he was told and Joan put him back on the elephant. Karim had used the bed roll as a sort of saddle and this helped prevent Chula's legs getting sore.

DANGER !

IT seems almost too good to be true," Joan said two days later. They had finished the steep climb up the mountain and were making their descent now. "Not a sign of any soldiers."

"Don't tempt fate with such remarks," Karim replied. "But I agree, we are doing well and——" He broke off, grabbing her arm tightly. "Look down there. At the foot of the mountains."

"Army lorries !" Joan gasped. "And we are going straight down to them. We must turn back, Karim. Hide."

"I don't think they will have seen us," Karim said worriedly. "Though we are very close to the road. I'll turn the elephant about and—oh!"

He slipped, lost his footing, and let go of the halter-rope.

"Whoa !" Joan made a dive for the rope and her sudden movement, coupled with Karim barging against the young elephant, frightened it. It let out a trumpeting bellow and was off.

"Chula !" Joan yelled. "Hold on, Chula! I'm coming."

But the elephant was more sure-footed than she and it outpaced her. When she took a tumble it increased its lead and, with every step, it was taking Prince Chula closer to the soldiers.

"Stop !" she called again as she scrambled to her feet. Karim was hobbling to her side, wincing from the pain of a leg injured in his fall. "Oh, Karim ! We must stop him !"

Can Joan and Karim prevent Chula's headlong rush into danger? Find out NEXT WEEK.

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Bust sizes 26, 28, 30" Our Price ONLY **69/6**
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H **'PAT' HUNTING JACKETS.** Beautifully finished in the finest quality Black "fine-weave" blended woollen cloth. Nylon reinforced to give extra long hard wear. Lined throughout with crease resisting HUNTSMAN Red. Usual Cost 6 to 7 gns.
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LADIES 4, 4½, 5, 5½, 6, 6½, 7, 7½ and 8 ONLY 79/6.
Our Price ONLY **69/6**
State size, Style and Colour.

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Usual Cost between 4 and 5 gns.
Our Price ONLY **69/6**
Sizes 6¾, 6⅞, 7, 7⅛, 7¼, 7⅜, 7½". State size and colour.

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Lengths 38, 40 ONLY 79/6. Lengths 42, 44 ONLY 89/6.
Length 46 ONLY 99/6.
State bust (under jacket) and length or height.

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Here's your very own page, girls.

Hello, Girls!

I hope you enjoyed the first instalment of "The Courage of Little Pearl." It's really exciting, isn't it?

Remember to keep those letters rolling in. There's a prize of ten shillings to the writer of every letter printed. By the way, if you send in a poem to me it must be original.

'Bye till next week,

Mandy

STAR GAZING.

A few weeks ago my friend and I went to Pinewood Studios in London to see Cilla Black and David Warren making a film. After they had finished rehearsing, Cilla came over to speak to us and told us about herself. The next day, when my friend and I got back to school, we told our friends where we had been and who we had been to see, and they wished they could have come, too.

—Julia Rowles, Toddington.

I hope you like the picture of Cilla, Julia.

FAN-TASTIC.

In a recent issue of "Mandy" there was an article by Barbara Tribbins on the "Iveys," a group from Swansea. Well, a few weeks ago, this group were playing in a club here in Bridport. My two friends and I went along to see them and we thought they were very good. So, if Barbara is reading this, tell your brother that he has gained three more fans.

—Jenny Lawes, Bridport.

They must be quite a good group, Jenny.

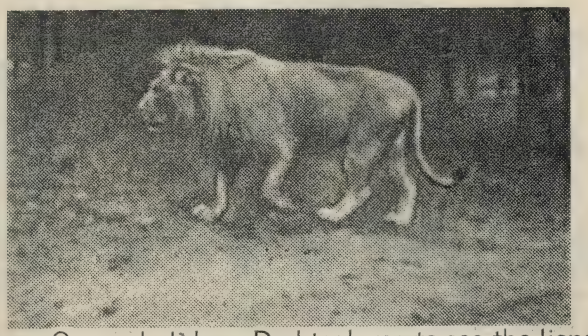
MIXED-UP MALADY.

As my mother was washing my two-year-old sister, she noticed she had come out in a rash. When she took her to the doctor he said that she had measles. When her friend called for her the next day, she said, "I can't come out. I've got WEASLES."

—Rita Phillips, London.

You should have called in a vet, Rita.

LIONS OF LONGLEAT.



On our holidays, Dad took me to see the lions of Longleat. It reminded me of Daktari, with all the hunters and their safari trucks. There were several families of lions roaming round the grounds. The lion in this photograph even ran round our car. He was very big and I was a little frightened.

—Geraldine Fitzgerald, Liverpool.

I see you still managed to get a good snap of him, Geraldine.

SLOW TALKER.

—Trudy Dow, Killearn.

He should come out of his shell once in a while, Trudy.

HIGH DOH.

One night my mother and I were alone in the house when we heard the piano playing in the living-room. We were very frightened as there was no one else in the house who could be playing it. We waited for a while, wondering what to do, then we plucked up courage and walked into the living-room, switched on the light and looked for the intruder. The intruder turned out to be nothing more than a little kitten which must have got in the window, and was walking up and down the piano. We were certainly relieved.

—Maureen Bradley, Cromer.

Paws for music, perhaps?

TOP MOP.

A hard - working young man in a shop,
Once sold an old Duchess a mop,
But how he did stare
When he heard she'd no hair,
And needed the mop up on top.

—Lesley Ann Jiggins, Bodmin, Cornwall.

That's one way to get a head!

BATTY BOOKS.

"Been A Murder" by Liza Mann.
"Finish The Party" by Algo Home.
"One And Six" by Bob Tanner.
"Smashed Car" by Ivor Dent.

—Joyce Lyall, Cornhill-on-Tweed.

Your postal order's on the way, Joyce.

WOOD FOOD.

—Yvonne Lester, Penkridge, Stafford.

When it comes to the crunch I don't think I'd do it, Yvonne.

Jill – Junior Reporter

The missing millionaire.

JILL COOPER was junior reporter on the Daily Echo, one of the country's biggest newspapers. One morning she reported for work as usual to find the office in an uproar.

RIGHT, EVERYBODY. TODAY'S BIG STORY IS THE SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE OF JOSIAH P. CLACKENBACKER, THE ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE. WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM.
HOW EXCITING!

JOHNSON, COVER THE AIRPORTS. SMITH, CHECK THE RAILWAY STATIONS. JONES, TELEPHONE THE PORTS. HE'S GOT TO BE SOMEWHERE, AND THE ECHO HAS GOT TO BE THE FIRST TO GET HIS STORY–WHY HE'S VANISHED IN THE MIDDLE OF A BIG FINANCIAL DEAL.

Jill hid her disappointment until she got outside.

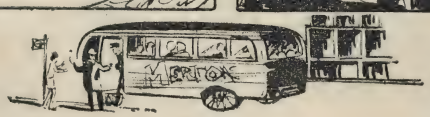
When Jill arrived at the Chelsea Flower Show—

On a sudden impulse, Jill pushed forward.

LOOK, TAKE MY FREE TICKET. I CAN GET IN FOR HALF PRICE, SINCE I'M UNDER EIGHTEEN.
THAT'S REALLY MOST CONSIDERATE OF YOU, MY DEAR, MOST CONSIDERATE!

FOUR AND SIX FOR A CATALOGUE! PURE EXTORTION! I COULD LIVE FOR TWO DAYS ON FOUR AND SIX!
LOOK–WHY DON'T YOU SHARE MINE? MY BOSS GAVE ME ENOUGH MONEY TO COVER EXPENSES!

NOW . . . WHERE SHALL WE START? WHAT ARE YOUR FAVOURITE FLOWERS?
ROSES, THE QUEEN OF FLOWERS! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A ROSE, CHILD, NOTHING IN THE WIDE WORLD. IF I HAD MY WAY, I'D DO NOTHING BUT GROW ROSES FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE.



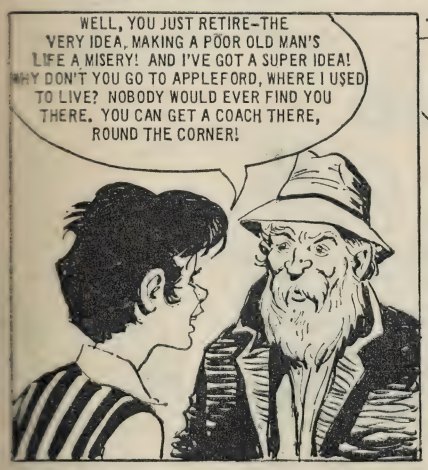
The fugitive.

I SUPPOSE A HOBBY LIKE THAT WOULD TAKE A LOT OF TIME, SIR.
TIME, THAT'S IT. I'M A VERY BUSY MAN . . . I SELL MATCHES, YOU KNOW. ER . . . AND AS WE'RE FRIENDS, WHY DON'T YOU JUST CALL ME JOE?

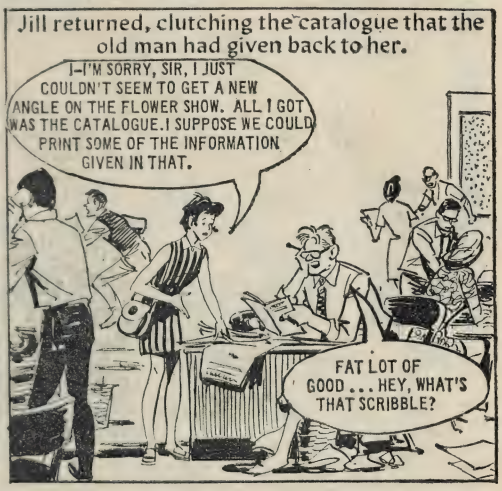
MATCHES
POOR OLD THING, SELLING MATCHES AT HIS TIME OF LIFE!
TELL YOU WHAT, LET'S HAVE A QUICK CUPPA BEFORE WE SEE ANY MORE. AND IT'S MY TREAT—NO ARGUMENTS!

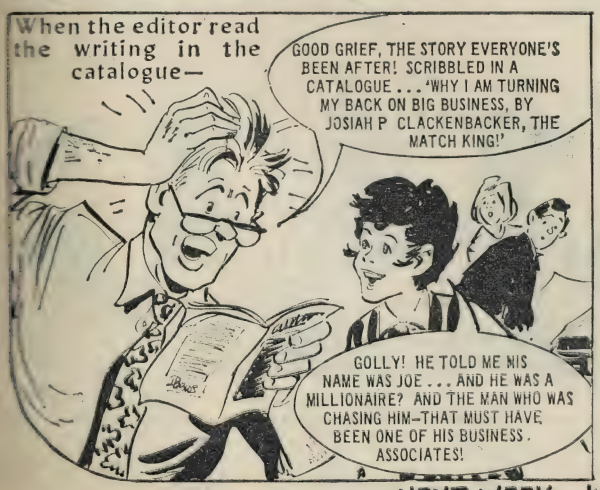
HAVE YOU SEEN A BENT OLD MAN WITH A BEARD WANDERING ABOUT, MISS?
YES, I HAVE. I SAW HIM IN THE CAFE HAVING A CUP OF TEA.
AND THAT'S NO LIE!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, THEY'VE GONE. BUT I HOPE YOU'RE NOT IN TROUBLE WITH THE POLICE!
NOTHING OF THE KIND! THAT MAN KEEPS PESTERING ME TO KEEP ON WORKING . . . WHEN ALL I WANT IS TO RETIRE IN SOME QUIET PLACE AND GROW ROSES!


WELL, YOU JUST RETIRE—THE VERY IDEA, MAKING A POOR OLD MAN'S LIFE A MISERY! AND I'VE GOT A SUPER IDEA! WHY DON'T YOU GO TO APPLEFORD, WHERE I USED TO LIVE? NOBODY WOULD EVER FIND YOU THERE. YOU CAN GET A COACH THERE, ROUND THE CORNER!

The old man took Jill's advice.
WELL, I MISSED GETTING A STORY FOR MY EDITOR, BUT I'M JOLLY GLAD I WAS ABLE TO HELP YOU! NOW, ARE YOU SURE YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH FOR THE FARE?
QUITE SURE, THANK YOU. YOU WON'T REGRET THIS, EITHER. GIVE THIS TO YOUR EDITOR!


Jill returned, clutching the catalogue that the old man had given back to her.
I—I'M SORRY, SIR, I JUST COULDN'T SEEM TO GET A NEW ANGLE ON THE FLOWER SHOW. ALL I GOT WAS THE CATALOGUE. I SUPPOSE WE COULD PRINT SOME OF THE INFORMATION GIVEN IN THAT.
FAT LOT OF GOOD . . . HEY, WHAT'S THAT SCRIBBLE?


When the editor read the writing in the catalogue—
GOOD GRIEF, THE STORY EVERYONE'S BEEN AFTER! SCRIBBLED IN A CATALOGUE . . . 'WHY I AM TURNING MY BACK ON BIG BUSINESS, BY JOSIAH P CLACKENBACKER, THE MATCH KING!'
GOLLY! HE TOLD ME HIS NAME WAS JOE . . . AND HE WAS A MILLIONAIRE? AND THE MAN WHO WAS CHASING HIM—THAT MUST HAVE BEEN ONE OF HIS BUSINESS ASSOCIATES!

HE'S SIGNED AWAY A FORTUNE HERE . . . GONE TO GROW ROSES! WHAT A SHAME WE DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHERE HE IS NOW. STILL, THIS IS A GREAT SCOOP. WELL DONE, JILL!
EXACTLY WHERE HE IS? NO, I'M AFRAID I CAN'T TELL YOU THAT!
HE MAY BE ANYWHERE . . . ON THE ROAD TO APPLEFORD! AND GOOD LUCK TO HIM!

NEXT WEEK—Jill's on the trail of a time-bomb.

Meet Flo Nightingale, student nurse, in an amusing complete story.

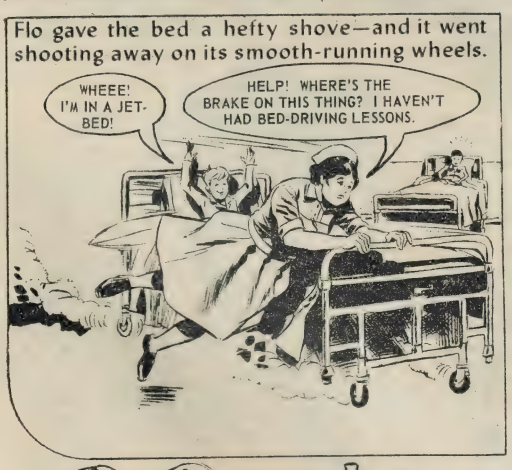
FLO'S FIRST DAY

FLO NIGHTINGALE, a probationer nurse at St Fanny's Hospital, reported to the children's ward for her first spell of duty.

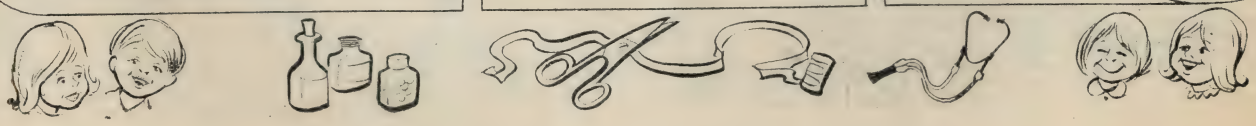
GOODIE–NOW FOR SOME REAL NURSING. I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO HELP THE SURGEONS WITH THEIR OPERATIONS.
THE SURGEONS WILL HAVE TO WAIT FOR YOUR HELP, NIGHTINGALE. I NEED YOUR ASSISTANCE FIRST–WITH THE BED-MAKING.

FINE LOT OF TROUBLE YOU GOT ME INTO. JUST FOR THAT, YOU CAN HAVE THE JOB OF MOVING THE BEDS INTO THE CENTRE OF THE WARD, READY FOR THE ELECTRIC POLISHER.
OH, GOOD-O! THAT SHOULD BE FUN!

GOLLY, THIS IS HARD WORK! WHAT DO THEY FEED THE PATIENTS ON? LEAD–BY THE FEEL OF IT.
NURSE NIGHTINGALE, WIND DOWN THE PULLEY WHEEL ON THE BED. IT'S QUITE SIMPLE.


Flo gave the bed a hefty shove—and it went shooting away on its smooth-running wheels.
WHEEE! I'M IN A JET-BED!
HELP! WHERE'S THE BRAKE ON THIS THING? I HAVEN'T HAD BED-DRIVING LESSONS.

The bed stopped—when it hit the electric floor polisher!
LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE! THE WARD WON'T BE POLISHED TODAY.
OH, YES IT WILL–THE NURSES WILL HAVE TO DO IT BY HAND.



Visiting time brings surprises at the hospital.

IT'S NOT FAIR—I DIDN'T BREAK THE POLISHER, SO I SHOULDN'T HAVE TO DO THIS.
OH, CHEER UP—IT CAN BE GOOD FUN. IT'S LIKE DANCING REALLY—SWING IT TO THE RIGHT—SWING IT TO THE LEFT—
Later—
NURSE, CAN I HAVE A DRINK OF WATER?
YES, I'LL TAKE YOUR GLASS. I THINK I CAN SPARE A FINGER FOR IT...
Flo took the glass all right—but she let her bundle of bandages fall.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOW, NURSE?
NURSE, STOP IMPERSONATING AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY. IT'S VISITING TIME IN HALF AN HOUR, AND I WANT THE WARD TIDY!
YES, SISTER.
OH DEAR! IT SEEMS AS IF I CAN'T DO THE RIGHT THING. MAYBE I'M NOT CUT OUT FOR NURSING.
Visiting time came and quickly passed.
THERE ARE ALWAYS A FEW TEARS FROM SOME OF THE YOUNGER KIDS, WHEN THEIR MUMS AND DADS HAVE TO LEAVE.
WHAT A SHAME.
But Nurse Boggs got a surprise—
WELL—WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT? NOT A SQUEAK FROM THEM!
IS THIS YOUR NEW NURSE, SISTER? THE CHILDREN SAY THAT IT'S BEEN GREAT FUN IN THE WARD SINCE SHE ARRIVED.
YES, THEY'RE ALL SO CHEERFUL. YOU ARE FORTUNATE, HAVING SOME ONE LIKE NURSE NIGHTINGALE TO ASSIST YOU.
WELL, NURSE—MAYBE I'VE MISJUDGED YOU. THE CHILDREN SEEM TO THINK SO, ANYWAY.
HOORAY! MAYBE I AM CUT OUT TO BE A NURSE, AFTER ALL!
The End

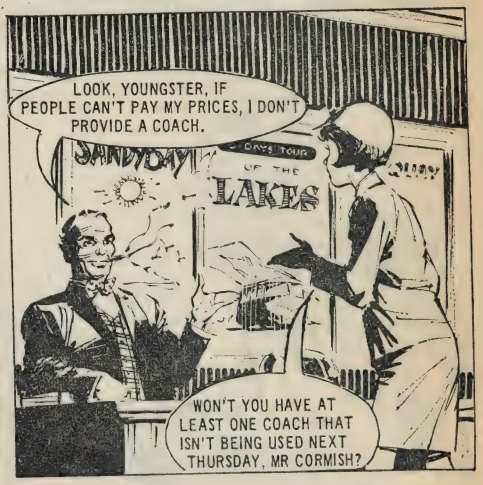
Wendy drives a hard bargain to help some heart-broken children.

HER WORSHIP Wendy

WHEN Wendy Shuttle's father, a widower, was elected Mayor of Chasebury, he appointed schoolgirl Wendy as Mayoress!

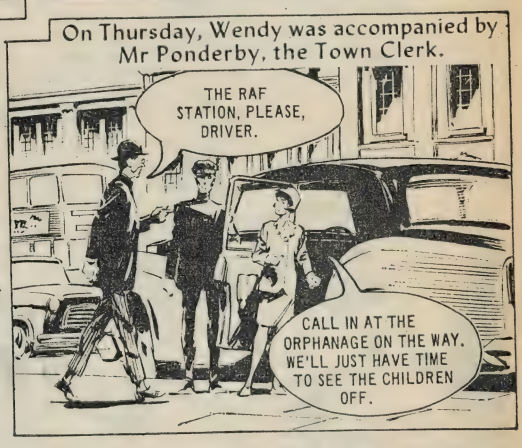
THE CHILDREN SEEM VERY HAPPY, MATRON.
WE TRY TO KEEP A FAMILY ATMOSPHERE. BUT I WISH WE COULD ARRANGE A DAY AT THE SEASIDE FOR THEM.

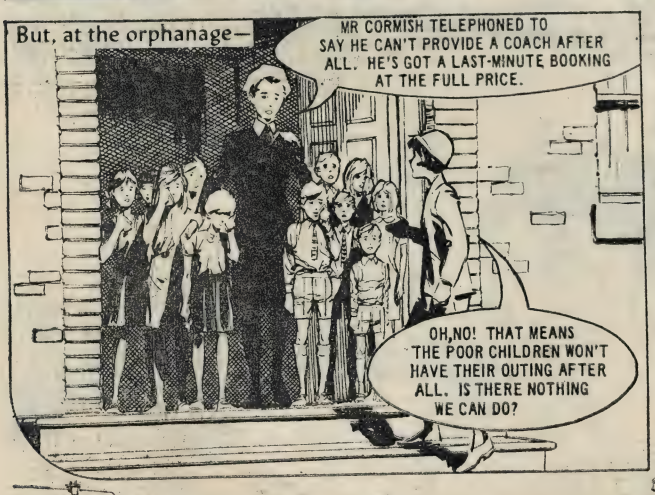
WE HAVE AN OUTING EVERY YEAR, AND WE WERE SUPPOSED TO BE GOING TO THE SEASIDE NEXT THURSDAY. BUT THE COST OF HIRING THE COACH HAS GONE UP, AND WE JUST CAN'T AFFORD IT THIS YEAR.
OH, WHAT A SHAME. I'LL HAVE A WORD WITH MR CORMISH, THE COACH PROPRIETOR.

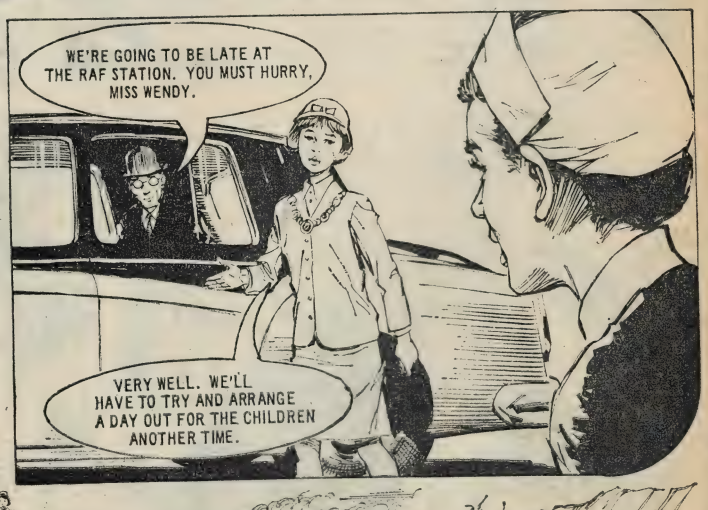

LOOK, YOUNGSTER, IF PEOPLE CAN'T PAY MY PRICES, I DON'T PROVIDE A COACH.
SANDYDAY
DAYS TOUR
OF THE
LAKES
WON'T YOU HAVE AT LEAST ONE COACH THAT ISN'T BEING USED NEXT THURSDAY, MR CORMISH?

YES, I DARE SAY I WILL. BUT—
WELL, WHY NOT LET THE ORPHANAGE HAVE IT AT THE OLD PRICE? MAYBE YOU WON'T MAKE SO MUCH MONEY, BUT YOU WON'T LOSE BY IT.

Later, at the Town Hall—
YES, MATRON, MR CORMISH HAS AGREED TO LET YOU HAVE THE COACH AT THE OLD PRICE. I'LL COME ALONG ON THURSDAY AND SEE THE CHILDREN OFF.
DON'T FORGET, MISS WENDY, YOU HAVE YOUR OFFICIAL VISIT TO THE RAF STATION ON THURSDAY.


On Thursday, Wendy was accompanied by Mr Ponderby, the Town Clerk.
THE RAF STATION, PLEASE, DRIVER.
CALL IN AT THE ORPHANAGE ON THE WAY. WE'LL JUST HAVE TIME TO SEE THE CHILDREN OFF.


But, at the orphanage—
MR CORMISH TELEPHONED TO SAY HE CAN'T PROVIDE A COACH AFTER ALL. HE'S GOT A LAST-MINUTE BOOKING AT THE FULL PRICE.
OH,NO! THAT MEANS THE POOR CHILDREN WON'T HAVE THEIR OUTING AFTER ALL. IS THERE NOTHING WE CAN DO?


WE'RE GOING TO BE LATE AT THE RAF STATION. YOU MUST HURRY, MISS WENDY.
VERY WELL. WE'LL HAVE TO TRY AND ARRANGE A DAY OUT FOR THE CHILDREN ANOTHER TIME.

The R. A. F. to the rescue!

At the airport—
EXCUSE ME, SIR, WE'RE HAVING ENGINE TROUBLE WITH THE HELICOPTER THAT'S SUPPOSED TO GO AND COLLECT THE A.O.C.
OH, NO! THE A.O.C. IS COMING IN LATER TO INSPECT THE STATION WITH YOU. HE'S THE AIR VICE MARSHAL IN CHARGE OF ALL THE RAF STATIONS ROUND HERE.
THIS IS GOING TO CAUSE TROUBLE. THAT'S THE ONLY OTHER AIRCRAFT WE HAVE AVAILABLE— AND THE A.O.C. WILL SAY WE'RE WASTING MONEY IF WE SEND A BIG AIRCRAFT LIKE THAT FOR ONE MAN.
I HAVE AN IDEA, GROUP CAPTAIN!
THE RAF ALWAYS HELPS OUT IN AN EMERGENCY, AND I HAVE A REALLY IMPORTANT EMERGENCY FOR YOU.
Wendy sent her car off to the orphanage, and within minutes it was back at the airport.
BUT—BUT—THAT'S THE MAYORAL CAR! IT'S PACKED WITH CHILDREN!
WELL, IF THE RAF CAN HELP OUT IN AN EMERGENCY, SURELY WE CAN AS WELL! COME ON, KIDS—ALL ABOARD, PLEASE!
The car made three journeys to the orphanage to collect all the children.
THAT'S THE LOT NOW, GROUP CAPTAIN.
RIGHT, MISS WENDY. WE'LL BE OFF.
THE SEASIDE— WE'RE HERE!
THIS IS A SUPER TRIP, WENDY. FLYING BEATS TRAVELLING BY BUS!
When the plane landed at the small seaside town of Beachcombe to pick up the A.O.C.—
WHAT ON EARTH IS GOING ON?
THESE CHILDREN FROM THE ORPHANAGE WERE STRANDED AND WE WERE ASKED TO HELP GET THEM TO THE SEASIDE. I THOUGHT THE SAME AIRCRAFT WOULD DO TO BRING YOU BACK, SIR. WE'LL COLLECT THE CHILDREN WHEN WE BRING YOU BACK HERE THIS EVENING.
VERY SENSIBLE OF YOU, GROUP CAPTAIN. ER—MATRON, HERE'S SOME MONEY FOR ICE-CREAM FOR THE CHILDREN.
I MUST SAY THE CHILDREN SEEMED TO ENJOY THEIR DAY, THANKS TO YOUR RESOURCEFULNESS, MISS WENDY.
FLYING THERE AND BACK WAS MUCH BETTER THAN GOING BY COACH. AND WHAT THEY ENJOYED MOST WAS FLYING OVER MR CORMISH'S COACH ON THE WAY HOME—IT HAD BROKEN DOWN MILES FROM ANYWHERE!

NEXT WEEK—A trying day for Wendy with some not — so — sweet old ladies!

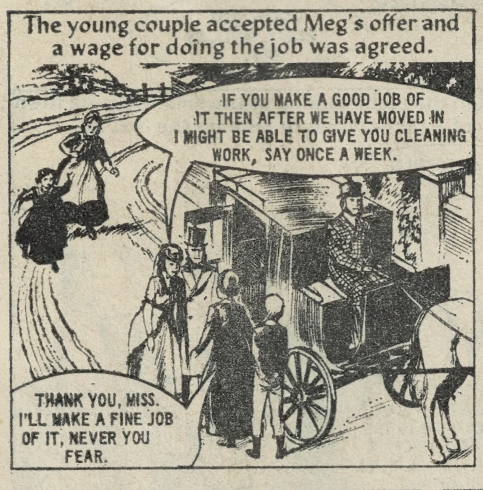
A race for work!

THE WILLING HANDS OF MEG SMITH

ALONE, young Meg Smith was looking after her younger brothers and sisters to prevent them being put into the poorhouse. Living in Victorian times, life was hard and Meg was often short of the money needed to make ends meet, but she would turn her hand to any job that came along to earn a few extra pennies.

MAGGIE POTTS SAW THEM COME TOO, MEG. SHE RAN OFF TO TELL HER MA.
BUT SHE CAN'T RUN AS FAST AS YOU–AND HER MA CAN'T RUN AS FAST AS ME. I'LL BE IN FIRST WITH MY OFFER.

Later—
PLEASE, SIR–IF YOU WANT THE HOUSE CLEANED BEFORE YOU MOVE IN, I'D BE GLAD TO DO IT. I'M A GOOD CLEANER, ANYONE WILL TELL YOU SO.
WELL–YOU'RE CERTAINLY KEEN ENOUGH!

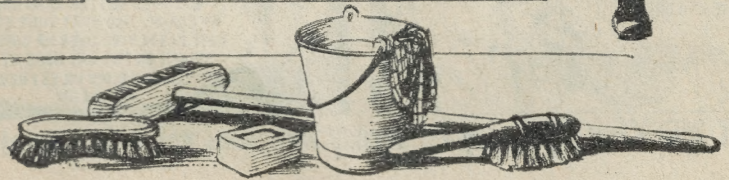

The young couple accepted Meg's offer and a wage for doing the job was agreed.
IF YOU MAKE A GOOD JOB OF IT THEN AFTER WE HAVE MOVED IN I MIGHT BE ABLE TO GIVE YOU CLEANING WORK, SAY ONCE A WEEK.
THANK YOU, MISS. I'LL MAKE A FINE JOB OF IT, NEVER YOU FEAR.

SO YOU BEAT ME TO IT, MEG. OH, WELL, YOU NEED THE MONEY AS MUCH AS I DO. NO HARD FEELINGS.
THANK YOU, MRS POTTS. I DO NEED THE MONEY BAD. ALL MY CHILDREN NEED NEW BOOTS WITH WINTER COMING. I'VE HAD TO PUT CARDBOARD INSIDE THE SOLES, TO TRY AND KEEP THE WET OUT.

On the way to The Laurels next day, Meg and Jane met the Vicar's wife.
HELLO, MEG. CAN'T STOP TO TALK. I'M COLLECTING THINGS FOR THE RUMMAGE SALE ON SATURDAY.
I WISH I HAD SOMETHING TO GIVE, MRS WILKINS, BUT ALL WE'VE GOT WE NEED. I'LL BE AT THE SALE THOUGH. I'VE SAVED SIXPENCE HOPING TO GET A DRESS FOR ANNIE THERE.

I'M HELPING YOU AREN'T I, MEG, CARRYING THE SOAP AND SCRUBBING BRUSH? I'M BEING A GOOD GIRL.
SO YOU ARE, LOVEY. I'M GOING TO START AT THE TOP, WITH THE ATTICS AND WORK DOWN.

Later—
IT'S A VERY BIG HOUSE, MEG. I'VE BEEN ALL OVER IT. IT'S AWFUL BIG FOR JUST A MAN AND LADY.
THE GENTRY LIKE LOTS OF SPACE, JANEY. ANYWAY, THERE'LL BE SERVANTS. I'M GOING TO MAKE THIS PLACE NEAT AND CLEAN AS A NEW PIN.



Meg puts her back into it.

Meg found she couldn't straighten up.

YOU LOOK FUNNY LIKE THAT. WILL YOU BE STUCK FOR ALWAYS?

I HOPE NOT! I AM FOR NOW THOUGH. MAKES ME FEEL ALL SICK AND FAINT WHEN I TRY TO STRAIGHTEN UP.

Meg was able to straighten up later that evening, but was still in great pain.

YOU SHOULD BE ABED, AND GIVE UP THAT CLEANING JOB, MEG. IT'LL KILL YOU, SCRUBBING AND POLISHING WITH THAT BAD BACK.

WE CAN'T AFFORD THE DOCTOR OR FOR ME TO GIVE UP THAT JOB. IT WON'T KILL ME, PHILLIP. I'M STRONG. A GOOD NIGHT'S REST AND I'LL BE FINE.

Meg strapped up her back and continued to work, but in great pain. But as the pain got worse and worse, Meg worked slower and slower. At last she had to take to her bed.

I'VE BROUGHT YOU SOME HOT MILK, MEG, TO HELP YOU SLEEP.

FIRST WE'LL TALK. I'VE BEEN LYING HERE THINKING, BILLY. WHAT I NEED IS A REAL SUPPORT FOR MY BACK. NOW, LISTEN. I WANT YOU TO DO SOMETHING FOR ME TOMORROW . . .

The next afternoon—

I GOT A SNEAK LOOK, MEG, WITHOUT THE LADIES SPOTTING ME. THERE'S JUST THE ONE AND IT'S MARKED AT SIXPENCE.

GOOD LAD! THERE'LL BE A LOT THERE, THOUGH, SO YOU'VE GOT TO BE FIRST IN.

On the Saturday—

RUMMAGE SALE

I KNEW THEY'D QUEUE UP EARLY BUT WE WERE THE REAL EARLY BIRDS. UP WITH THE DAWN.

I BROUGHT MUGS OF TEA TO WARM YOU UP. THERE'S SOME OF THE WOMEN COMING ALONG NOW.

The crowd grew, and when the doors opened—

OH, I FEEL SO HELPLESS! WILL BILLY GET IT?

GOT IT! SORRY, MISSUS—MY SISTER NEEDS THIS CORSET!

Later—

TIGHT, BOYS—REAL TIGHT! WITH THIS CORSET TO SUPPORT MY BACK, I CAN CARRY ON WORKING.

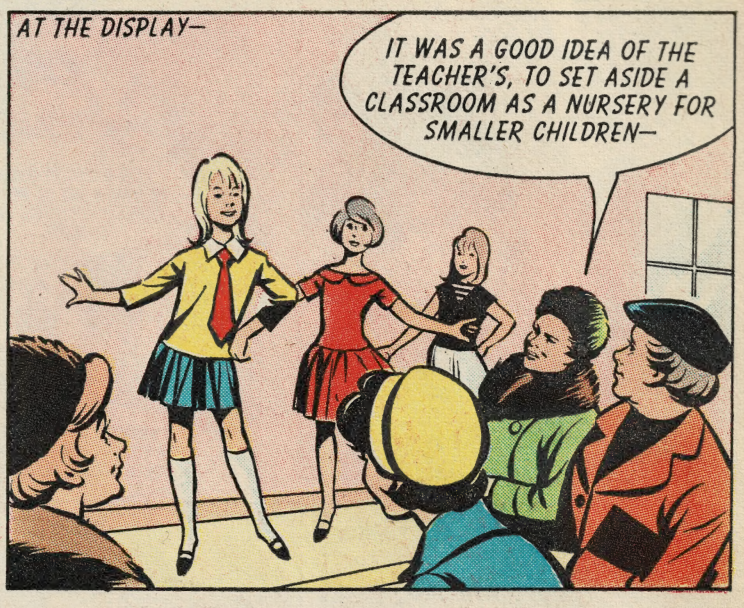
With the support from the boned corset, Meg was able to get on with her cleaning, and a week later—

YOU'VE DONE A GRAND JOB, MEG. I'LL HAVE YOU ONCE A WEEK FOR THE ROUGH WORK. I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU AND I MUST SAY I DO ADMIRE A GIRL WITH BACKBONE.

I'VE GOT A BIT EXTRA JUST NOW—BUT SOON I'LL BE ABLE TO DO WITHOUT THIS CORSET!

NEXT WEEK—The Smiths meet a spotted pig!

Continued from front cover.



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